THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2114.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A FAREWELL SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The moments are flying,
The sad year is dying,
No more shall we roam over meadow and moor;
A wreck is the fountain
Far over the mountain,
And dead are the lilies that flashed on the shore.

Beside the dark river,
How vain the endeavor,
To weave the bright web of a midsummer dream;
Dim, dim are the pinions
In cloud-piled dominions,
And weird are the ghosts of the shadowless stream.

Again the winds rally
By moorland and valley,
To send their loud shouts to the wild heaving main.
With meteors slanted,
The dark tarn is haunted,
While stars fall and flicker and stud the wide plain.

The bare branches quiver—
The restless pines shiver,
And bend their rich plumes to the whip of the blast.
The skies have ceased sobbing,
No more is earth throbbing
With vigor and life as it throbbed in the past.

The sunlight still flashes
On hopes turned to ashes,
And hearts that 'twere vain their emotions to tell:
So with the year's dying,
And sad moments flying,
I bid thee, thou fair one, a lonely farewell!

DE W. VAN BUREN.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

MISS GWINN'S VISIT.

Were there space, it might be well to trace Austin Clay's progress step by step—his advancements and his drawbacks—his smooth-sailing and his difficulties; for, that he was not free from difficulties and drawbacks you may be very sure. I do not know who is. If you have thought he was to be represented as perfection, you were much mistaken; he got into scrapes—or pitfalls, as Mrs. Thornimett had termed it—not many; he had better sense than that. And he managed to get out of them without moral damage, for he was high principled in every sense of the word. But there is not time to trace this; and it would be anticipating, besides.

Austin Clay sat one day in a small room of the office, making corrections in a certain plan, which had been roughly sketched. It was a hot day for the beginning of autumn, some three or four months having elapsed since his installation at the Messrs. Hunters. The office boy entered.

"Please, sir, here's a lady outside asking if she can see young Mr. Clay."

"A lady!" repeated Austin, in some wonder as to what lady could be wanting him; for his acquaintance in that way was limited to Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Henry Hunter.—"Does she wear widows' weeds?" he hastily resumed, an idea flashing over him that Mrs. Thornimett had come up to town.

"Weeds? I dunnow," replied the boy, probably at a loss to know what "weeds" might mean. "She have got a white veil on."

"Oh," said Austin. "Well, ask her to come in. But I don't know any lady that can want me."

The lady came in: a very tall one. She wore a dark silk dress, a shepherd's plaid shawl, a straw bonnet, and a white veil. Austin rose to receive her.

"You are doubtless surprised to see me, Austin Clay. But, as I was coming to London on business—I always do at this season of the year—I got your address from Mrs. Thornimett, having a question to put to you."

Without ceremony, without invitation, she sat herself down on a chair. More by her voice than her features—for she kept her veil before her face—did Austin recognize her. It was Miss Gwinn. He recognized her with dismay. Mr. Henry Hunter was about the premises, liable to come in at any moment, and then might occur a repetition of that violent scene to which he had been a witness.

"What shall I do with her?" thought Austin.

"Will you shut the door?" she said, in a peremptory, short tone, for the boy had left it open.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gwinn," interrupted Austin, perplexity giving him courage. "Though very glad to see you myself, I am at the present hour so busy that it is next to impossible for me to give you my attention. If you will name any place where I can wait upon you after business hours, this, or any other evening, I shall be happy to meet you."

Miss Gwinn ranged her eyes round the room, looking, possibly, for confirmation of his words.

"You are not so busy as to be unable to spare a minute. You were but looking over a plan."

"It is a plan that is being waited for."—Which was true. "And you must forgive me for reminding you—I do it in all courtesy—that my time and this room does not belong to me, but to my employers."

"Boy, what is your motive for seeking to get rid of me?" she asked, abruptly. "That you have one, I can see."

Austin was upon thorns. He had not taken a seat. He stood, pencil in hand, hoping it would induce her to move. At that moment footsteps were heard, and the office door was pushed wide open.

It was Mr. Hunter. He stopped on the threshold, seeing a lady. He supposed it might be somebody for Mr. Clay; her features, shaded by the veil, were indistinct, and to him she appeared to be a stranger. Miss Gwinn looked fully at him, and bent her head, as a slight mark of courtesy. He responded by lifting his hat, and went out again.

"One of the principals, I suppose?" she remarked to Austin.

"Yes," he replied, thanking good luck that it was not Mr. Henry; "I believe he wants me, Miss Gwinn."

"I am not going to keep you from him.—The question I wish to put to you will be answered in a sentence. Austin Clay, have you, since—"

"Allow me one single instant first, then," interrupted Austin, resigning himself to his fate, "just to speak a word of explanation to Mr. Hunter."

He stepped out of the room and closed the door behind him. Standing at the outer door, close by, open to the yard, was Mr. Hunter. Austin, in his haste and earnestness, grasped his arm.

"Find Mr. Henry, sir," he whispered: "wherever he may be, let him keep there—out of sight—until she—this person—has gone. It is Miss Gwinn."

"Whe?—what do you say?" cried Mr. Hunter, staring at Austin.

"It is that Miss Gwinn. The woman who set upon Mr. Henry in that strange manner. She—"

Miss Gwinn opened the door at that juncture, and looked out upon them. Mr. Hunter walked briskly away in search of his brother. Austin turned back again.

She closed the door when he was inside the room, keeping her hand upon it. She did not sit down, but stood facing Austin, whom she held before her with the other hand.

"Have you, since you came to London, seen aught of my enemy? that man whom you saved from his death in the gravel pits? Boy, answer me truthfully, as you would answer your Maker!"

Now, independent of the solemn enjoinder conveyed in the last sentence, Austin would have revolted from answering a deliberate falsehood to a deliberate question. He remained silent, scarcely seeing what his course ought to be. She read the hesitation aright.

"No need of your affirmative," she said. "I see you have met him. Where is he to be found?"

There was only one course for him now; and he took it, in all straightforward openness.

"It is true I have seen that gentleman, Miss Gwinn, but I can tell you nothing about him."

She looked fixedly at him.

"That you cannot, or that you will not—which?"

"That I will not. Forgive the seeming incivility of the avowal, but I consider that I ought not to comply with your request—that I should be doing wrong."

"Explain. What do you mean by 'wrong?'"

"In the first place, I believe you were mistaken with regard to the gentleman: I do not think he was the one for whom you took him. In the second place even if he be the one, I cannot make it my business to bring you into contact with him, and so give rise—as it probably would—to further violence."

There was a pause. She threw up her veil, and looked fixedly at him, struggling for composure, her lips compressed, her face working.

"You know who he is, and where he lives," she jerked forth.

"I acknowledge that."

"How dare you take part against me?" she cried, in agitation. "Would you become a worker of wickedness, as he is?"

"I do not take part against you, Miss Gwinn," he replied, wishing some friendly balloon would come and whirl her away out of danger; for Mr. Hunter might not find his brother to give the warning. "I do not take his part more than I take yours, only in so far as that I decline to tell you who and where he is. Had he the same ill feeling towards you, and wished to know where you might be found, I would not tell him."

"Austin Clay, you *shall* tell me."

He drew himself up to his full height, speaking in all the quiet consciousness of power.

"Never, of my own free will. And I think, Miss Gwinn, there are no means by which you can compel me."

"Perhaps the law might." She spoke dreamily, not in answer to him, but in commune with herself, as if debating the question. "Fare you well for the present, young sir; but I have not done with you."

To his intense satisfaction she turned out of the office. Austin attended her to the outer gate. She strode straight on, not deigning to cast a glance to the busy yard, with its sheds, its timber, its implements of work, and its artisans, all scattered about it.

"Believe me," he said, holding out his hand as a peace offering, "I am not willingly discourteous. I wish I could see my way clear to help you."

She did not take the hand; she walked away without another word or look, and Austin went back again. Mr. Hunter advanced to meet him from the upper end of the yard, and went with him into the office.

"What was all that, Clay? I scarcely understood."

"I dare say not, sir, for I had no time to be explanatory. It seems she—Miss Gwinn—has come to town on business. She procured my address from Mrs. Thornimett, and came here to ask of me if I had seen anything of her enemy—meaning Mr. Henry Hunter. I feared lest he should be coming in; I could only beg of you to find Mr. Henry, and warn him not. That is all, sir."

Mr. Hunter stood with his back to Austin, softly whistling—his habit when in deep thought.

"What can be her motive for wanting to find him?" he presently said.

"She speaks of revenge. Of course I do not know for what: I cannot give a guess. There's no doubt she is mistaken in the person, when she accuses Mr. Henry Hunter."

"Well," returned Mr. Hunter, "I said nothing to my brother, for I did not understand what there was to say. It will be better not to tell him now; the woman is gone, and the subject does not appear to be a pleasant one. Do you hear?"

"Very well, sir."

"I think I understood, when the affair was spoken of some time ago, that she does not know him as Mr. Hunter?"

"Of course she does not," said Austin. "She would have been here after him before now, if she did. She came this morning to see me, not suspecting she might meet him."

"Ah! Better keep the visit close," cried Mr. Hunter, as he walked away.

Now, it had occurred to Austin that it would be better to do just the opposite thing. *He* should have told Mr. Hunter, and left that gentleman to seek out Miss Gwinn, or not, as he might choose. A sudden meeting between them in the office, in the hearing of the yard, and with the lady in excitement, was not desirable; but, that Mr. Henry Hunter should clear himself, now that she was following him up, and convince her it was not he who was the suspected party, was, Austin thought, needful. However, he could only obey Mr. Hunter's orders.

Austin resumed his occupation. His head and fingers were busy over the plan, when he saw a gig drive into the yard. It contained the great engineer, Sir Michael Wilson.—Mr. Henry Hunter came down the yard to meet him: they shook hands, and entered the private room together. In a few minutes Mr. Henry came to Austin.

"Are you particularly engaged, Clay?"

"Only with this plan, sir. It is wanted as soon as I can get it done."

"You can leave it for a quarter of an hour. I want you to go round to Dr. Bevary. I was to have been at his house now—half-past eleven—to go out with him to see a sick friend. Tell him that Sir Michael has come, therefore it is impossible for me to keep my engagement with him. I am very sorry, tell Bevary: these things always happen crossly. Go right into his consulting-room, Clay: never mind patients; or else he will be chafing at my delay, and grumble the ceiling off."

Austin laughed. Dr. Bevary occupied a good house in the main street, to the left of the yard, to gain which you had to pass the turning to Daffodil's Delight. Had Mr. Bevary lived to the right of the yard, his practice might have been more exclusive; but doctors cannot always choose their localities, circumstances more frequently doing that for them. He had a large connection, and was often pressed for time.

Down went Austin. "The Doctor's engaged, sir," was the answer of the servant. And indeed, the handsome carriage of a patient was then standing before the door.

"I'll wait," he said, and was turning, *sans ceremonie*, into the little box of a study on the left of the hall.

"Not there, sir," interposed the man hastily, and showed him into the drawing-room on the right, Doctor Bevary and his patient being in the dining-room at the back; or as the doctor generally called it, his consulting-room, for it was there he saw his patients.

Ten minutes of impatience to Austin. What could any lady mean by keeping him so long, in his own house? Then they came forth. The lady, a very red and portly one, rather old, was pushed into her carriage by the help of her footman, Austin watching the process from the window. The carriage then drove off.

The Doctor did not come in. Austin concluded the servant must have forgotten to tell him he was there. He crossed the hall to the little study, the Doctor's favorite sanctum, knocked and entered.

"I am not to care for patients," called out he gayly, believing the Doctor was alone; "Mr. Henry Hunter says so." But, to his surprise, a patient was sitting there—at least, a lady, sitting, nose and knees together, with Doctor Bevary, and talking hurriedly and earnestly, as if they had the whole weight of the nation's affairs on their shoulders.

"So, it's you, is it, Austin Clay?" cried the lady, *Miss Gwinn*. "I was acquainting Doctor Bevary with your refusal to give me that man's address, asking his advice whether the law could compel you. Have you come after me, to say you have thought better of it?"

Austin was decidedly taken to. How far was Doctor Bevary cognisant of the circumstances? He glanced at him.

"Was your visit to this lady, Mr. Clay?"

"No, sir, it was to you. Sir Michael Wilson has come down on business, and Mr. Henry Hunter will not be able to keep his appointment with you. He desired me to say that he was sorry, but that it was no fault of his."

TYBEE LIGHTHOUSE, SAVANNAH RIVER, GA., HEADQUARTERS OF THE 46th NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

The building on the right of the lighthouse, now occupied by Colonel Rosa and the staff officers of the Fremont (German) regiment, was formerly the residence of the lighthouse keeper. The house is built of brick, and the rooms are much more comfortable quarters than generally fall to the lot of military men in campaign. The edifice to the left is a recent structure in timber raised by the rebels, and now serves admirably for hospital purposes, being roomy and well ventilated.

The rebels appear to have an antipathy to lighthouses in general, if we may judge by their conduct towards this one and the column off Charleston. At Tybee, they burn out the interior wood work, and at Charleston they blow up the building to prevent the rat-hole squadron finding the bar to their harbor. Yet the stone ships are in their proper position, and the Stars and Stripes now float from the summit of Tybee Lighthouse, within sight of Pulaski and Savannah itself. The credit of this is due to Colonel Rosa and the 46th New York Volunteers, for they managed to find their way to the summit, one hundred and fifty-five feet high, by means of an improvised arrangement of ladders and platforms.

Doctor Bevary nodded. "Another time will—"

A sharp cry. A cry of passion, of rage, almost of terror. It came from Miss Gwinn; and the Doctor, breaking off his sentence, turned to her in amazement.

It was well he did so; it was well he caught her hands. Another moment, and she would have dashed them through the window, and perhaps herself also. Driving by, in the gig, were Sir Michael Wilson and Mr. Henry Hunter. It was at the latter she gazed, at him she pointed.

"Do you see him? Do you see him?" she panted to the Doctor. "That's the man; not the one driving, the other—the one sitting this way. Oh, Doctor Bevary, will you believe me now? I told you I met him at Ketterford; and there he is again. Let me go!"

She was strong almost as a wild animal, wrestling with the Doctor to get from him. He made a motion to Austin to keep the door fast. He got her into an arm-chair at last, and stood before her, holding her hands, keeping silence at first, then speaking calmly, soothingly, like he would to a child.

"My dear lady, what will become of you if you give way to these fits of violence? But for me, I really believe you would have been through the window. A pretty affair of spikes that would be! I should have had you laid up in my house for a month, covered over with sticking-plaster."

"If you had not stopped me," she passionately said, "I might have caught that gig."

"Caught that gig! A gig going at the rate of ten miles an hour, if it was going one! By the time you had got down the steps of my door, it would have been out of sight. How people can drive at that random rate in London streets, *I* can't tell"

"*How* can I find him?" she uttered, in a tone of anguished wailing. "Will you not help me, Dr. Bevary? Did you note him?"

"So far as to see that there were two persons in the gig, and that they were men, not women. Do you feel sure it was the man you speak of? It is so easy to be mistaken in a person who is being whirled along swiftly."

"Mistaken!" she returned, in a strangely significant tone. "Dr. Bevary, I swear it was he. I have not kept him in my heart for years, to mistake him now. Austin Clay," she fiercely added, turning round upon Austin, "*you* speak; speak the truth from your soul. Was it, or was it not, the man whom I met at Ketterford?"

"I believe it was," was Austin's answer. "Nevertheless, Miss Gwinn, I do not believe him to be the enemy you spoke of—the one who worked you ill. He denies it just as solemnly as you assert it; and I am sure he is a truthful man."

"And that I am a liar?"

"No. That you believe what you assert, is only too apparent. I think it is a case, on your side, of mistaken identity."

Happening to raise his eyes, Austin caught those of Doctor Bevary fixed upon him with a keen, troubled, earnest gaze. It asked, as plainly as gaze could ask,

"*Do* you believe so? or is the falsehood on *his* side?"

"Will you disclose to Doctor Bevary the name of that man, if you will not to me?"

Again the gentlemen's eyes met, and this time a warning look of caution glanced forth from Doctor Bevary's.

"I must decline to speak of him in any way, Miss Gwinn," said Austin. "You had my reasons before. Doctor Bevary, I have given you the message I was charged with, and must wish you both good-day."

Austin walked back, full of thought, his faith somewhat wavering.

"It is very strange," he reflected. "Could a woman, could any one be so positive as she is, unless thoroughly sure? What *is* the mystery, I wonder? That it was no sentimental affair between them, or rubbish of that sort, is patent by the difference in their ages; she looks pretty nearly old enough to be his mother. Mr. Henry Hunter's is a remarkable face—one that would alter little in a score of years."

The bell was ringing twelve as he approached the yard, and the workmen were pouring out of it, on their way home to dinner. Plentiful tables awaited them; little care was on their minds; flourishing was every branch of the building trade then. Peter Quale came up to Austin.

"Sam Shuck have just been up here, sir, a-eating humble pie, and praying to be took on again. But the masters be both absent; and Mr. Wells, he said he didn't choose, in a thing like this, to act on his own responsibility, for he heard Mr. Hunter say Shuck shouldn't again be employed."

"I would not take him on," replied Austin, "if it rested with me. An idle, skulking, deceitful vagabond, drunk and incapable for a fortnight, and striving to spread discontent among the men. But it is not my affair, Quale; Mr. Mills is manager."

The yard, between twelve and one, was pretty nearly deserted. The gentleman

spoken of as Mr. Mills, and Austin, usually remained; the principals would sometimes be there, and an odd man or two. The time-keeper lived in the yard. Austin rather liked that hour; it was quiet. He was applying to his plan with a zest, when another interruption came, in the shape of Dr. Bevary. Austin began to think he might as well put the drawing away altogether.

"Anybody in the office, Mr. Clay, except you?" asked the Doctor.

"Not in-doors. Mills is about somewhere."

Down sat the Doctor, and fixed his keen eyes upon Austin.

"What took place here this morning with Miss Gwinn?"

"No harm, sir," replied Austin, briefly explaining. "As good luck had it, Mr. Henry kept away. Mr. Hunter came in and saw her; but that was all."

"What is your opinion?" abruptly asked the Doctor. "Come, give it freely. You have your share of judgment, and of discretion too, or I should not ask it. Is she mistaken, or is Henry Hunter false?"

Austin did not immediately reply. Dr. Bevary mistook the cause of his silence.

"Don't hesitate, Clay. You know I am trustworthy; and it is not I who would stir to harm a Hunter. If I seek to come to the bottom of this affair, it is that I may do what I can to avert damage, and turn the fruits of wrong-doing from their channel."

"Why, who do you suspect, sir?" returned Austin, in surprise.

"If only the half of what I began to suspect be true, better for us that—that—"

Austin looked at him. He, the stoical physician, was growing agitated.

"Better that the earth would open and swallow some of us up in it. Clay, you need not hesitate."

"If I hesitated, Dr. Bevary, it was that I really am at a loss what answer to give. When Mr. Henry Hunter denies that he knows the woman, or that he ever has known her, he appears to me to speak open truth. On the other hand, these recognitions of Miss Gwinn's, and her persistency, are, to say the least of them, suspicious and singular. Until within an hour I had full trust in Mr. Henry Hunter; now, I do not know what to think."

"He does not seem—" Dr. Bevary appeared to be speaking to himself, and his head was bent—"like one who carries about him some dark secret."

"Mr. Henry Hunter? None less. Never a man whose outside gave indications of a clearer conscience. But, Dr. Bevary, if her enemy be Mr. Henry Hunter, how is it she does not know him by name?"

"Ay, there's another point. She evidently attaches no importance to the name of Hunter."

"What was the name of—of the enemy she talks of?" asked Austin. "We must call him 'enemy,' for want of a better name. Do you know it, Doctor?"

"No. Can't get it out of her. Never could get it out of her. I asked her again to-day, but she evaded the question."

"Mr. Hunter thought it would be better to keep her visit this morning a secret from his brother, as they had not met. I, on the contrary, should have told him of it."

"No," hastily interposed Dr. Bevary, putting up his hand with an alarmed, warning gesture. "The only chance is, to keep her and Henry Hunter apart."

"I wonder," mused Austin, "what brings her to town?"

The Doctor threw his penetrating gaze into Austin's.

"Have you no idea what it is?"

"None, sir. She seemed to intimate that she came every year."

"Good. Don't try to form any, my young friend. It would not be a pleasant secret even for you to hold."

He rose as he spoke, nodded, and went out, leaving Austin Clay in a state of puzzled bewilderment. It was not lessened when, an hour later, Austin encountered Dr. Bevary's close carriage, driving rapidly along the street, the Doctor inside it, and Miss Gwinn seated beside him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A small meteoric stone fell in the Connecticut River, just above Springfield, on Sunday night, barely escaping a boy who was skating down from Chicopee. Upon going to pick it up, it burnt his hand, but it was afterwards chopped out of the ice into which it had melted, and was carefully saved.

When some beloved one goes
To that far untroubled shore,
Where neither the bitter hate of foes,
Nor our love can reach him more,
The tortured heart goes back,
O'er our deeds and words for years,
Marking each footprint on the track
With bitter, penitent tears.

☞ Sorrow is the night of the mind. What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence.

☞ "An' sure, its aisy enough to build a chimley," said O'Rourke, "ye howld one brick up an' an jist slip another one under it."

☞ A man swallowed a set of teeth lately in Cleveland, and at last accounts he was experiencing, as was to be expected, a terrible gnawing at the stomach.

Enjoy thy spring of Love and Youth;
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee that in sooth
There are no birds in last year's nest.

☞ Mr. Waterston said in a recent lecture that he loved England for her hospitality and her many beauties, but she was like the old lady who said that in taking chloroform she lost all her *conscientiousness*.

☞ A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Our friends who send us postage stamps, will please send *one* or *three* cent stamps, instead of the higher denominations, which we find it very difficult to dispose of.

MEXICO.

Our European friends will now have an opportunity of proving the great superiority of their troops over ours, by the campaign they have planned in Mexico. What we did with about twelve thousand men, is a matter of history. The united English, French, and Spanish expedition will be composed, it is thought, of twice that number. Six thousand Spanish and two thousand French troops—eight thousand in all—are already at Vera Cruz. Three thousand more Spanish troops are at Havana, preparing to join their fellows. The number of additional French and of English troops probably will raise the whole invading army to about 35,000 men—and these all regulars, not raw volunteers, as was the larger portion of that army which planted the stars and stripes on the Halls of the Montezumas. The American campaign in Mexico was a brilliant one. At least that much may be said for an unjust foray, planned for their own selfish purposes by the very men who planned the present rebellion. They used the Union to buy and steal all the land lying to the South that could be bought and stolen, in order that they might have a larger territory for their empire, after they had effected their separation from the North. They were the monkey, and the North was the cat whose paw would serve to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. They got Texas and New Mexico, and tried hard for California, and Kansas, and Cuba. But the Northern cat, whose paws, as well as whose cheeks, began to burn, was not quite so big a fool as the cat in the fable.

But to return to our Mexican sheep—who may not prove to be quite so much of the sheep nature as their European invaders suppose. We have accounts from that country, which would go to prove that the national spirit had not entirely died out. The rival parties are said to be uniting in this great hour of danger, an army of 60,000 men, it is said, will be at once put into the field, the advance of the invaders into the interior will be disputed at every step, and the nation will manifest some of that heroism which it displayed in the war of independence. Already, it is said, the allies find themselves hemmed in, if not fairly besieged, at Vera Cruz.

We would not be Americans, if we did not give our sympathies to our fellow Americans in this their hour of need. That the European powers are availing themselves of the present opportunity to bring this great Western Continent again into subjection, there are strong reasons for believing. America is to be farmed out, if possible, like Asia and Africa, for the benefit of the power-loving and money-loving aristocracies and monarchies of Europe.

We do not like war—we like peace, and art, and all the sweet humanities of life—but we can scarcely resist the conviction that for many years to come, the children of America must put their trust mainly in the sword. It will not do to allow this European intervention. We must insist upon living our own new life. We will not, we ought not to allow ourselves to be moulded and controlled by European influences. They must not be allowed to make us parties to their absurd disputes and quarrels—their balances of power and foolish rivalries.

"What's Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba?"

Once indeed we felt some special interest in England—her present, her future. Now we feel little other interest than we trust we shall always feel in all the nations of men.

Hereafter, if we understand the lesson which the events of the past year have fairly burned into the minds and souls of our countrymen, we have no special sympathies for any nation beyond the Atlantic. We trust we shall always be prepared to treat them with exact and perfect justice—and, in a general way, with all due courtesy. And such justice we shall expect in return—we can spare, if need be, the courtesy.

But with all American nations and with every American people we must endeavor to cultivate the most friendly relations. Heretofore, under the guidance of those who now are rebels, we have too often acted in a haughty and dictatorial spirit towards our brother Americans of both the Northern and Southern portions of the Continent. Let us reform all that at once. As the great power of the Continent, we can afford to be the most courteous and the most forbearing.—Let us strive to influence all, not for our own selfish interests, but for the good of all—and that the Continent may be developed for its own best good, and not merely for the good of Europe.

As for Mexico, at present we can give her only good wishes. She is being tortured for her gold; but, as the Indian chieftain said, "Are we on a bed of roses?" We trust that she will be successful in maintaining her independence against all the subtle designs of her enemies. That she will be ultimately successful we have little fear—more, that she will at length learn wisdom, and erect the fabric of a moderate, well ordered Government, strong enough to protect itself, not so powerful as to enable it to play the tyrant.—May she out of the nettle of this great danger, be enabled to pluck the flower of safety. Well we know that were our circumstances different, in spite of all our old injustice towards her, she would still turn to the United States as to her best and her surest friend—feeling that even in spite of ourselves, we are compelled by our position, to sympathize with the afflictions of every American state, and to protect them, when possible, against all European intrigues and injustice.

NEWSPAPER TAXATION.

One of our daily contemporaries comments as follows upon the proposed taxation of newspaper issues:—

In this matter the newspaper press has set the very worst possible example. Recognizing the necessities of the nation, the terrible burthens they must inevitably inflict upon the masses, and the chaos in which our finances are now plunged, they yet cling obstinately to all their own exclusive privileges, show no disposition to make sacrifices for the public good, and even attempt to render odious and unpopular the members of Congress who, in the performance of a grave duty, attempt to guide the legislation of Congress in the direction of prudence. *The utter selfishness of such a course is too apparent to require a remark. Perhaps, as the obvious result of a judicious system of newspaper taxation would be to diminish the number of reckless and licentious journals, and reduce the system within the bounds of reason and law, the opposition to the proposed taxes is not difficult to interpret.*

It is almost impossible to expect that Congress will have the courage to face the storm of abuse now raised by the sensation press against their proposed policy, and yet there stands the government out of money, stretching its credit to the utmost extent, and this very press unanimously crying out for taxation of every kind in the same breath that it shrinks from bearing its own share of the public burthens. If the members of Congress do manifest the manly courage to do their duty despite all the abuse heaped upon them, we trust that the people will sustain them, whatever may be said by unscrupulous presses.

As the journal in which we find the above, has a very limited circulation—deriving, we believe, the larger portion of its revenue from its advertisements—we are not able to perceive its entire want of that "selfishness" which it imputes to others.

The fact is that the present times are very hard upon almost all newspapers—the circulation of the weeklies being curtailed by the demand for the dailies, with *the cutting off of nearly their entire Southern lists*, and the dailies in general being so reduced in their advertisements, as to make their business unprofitable. That the press of the country, staggering as it is already under heavy burdens, should protest against a taxation which would "diminish the number of reckless and licentious journals," as our contemporary phrases it, is certainly exceedingly natural. For any measure which would reduce the number of "reckless and licentious journals," would probably sweep out of existence the great majority of those which are not "reckless and licentious"—the objectionable class of journals alluded to, being probably the most flourishing in the country.

The proprietors of newspapers have their taxes to pay on whatever property they have managed to accumulate, and on what taxed products they consume, like other men—but there is no reason why a greatly depressed branch of business should be singled out and saddled with fresh burdens. Besides, taxes on literature and knowledge, are not such as commend themselves to the support of those who desire the improvement of the race. In a Republic especially, cheap newspapers are essential to the healthy life of the state. For how are the people to exercise their elective franchise intelligently, if they do not, by the taking of various newspapers, manage to possess themselves of the principal political movements as they occur, and of the arguments by which they are assailed and defended.

We sometimes hear even sensible men railing against the daily newspapers. One month without the press, would convince them of the folly of their words. The press at times gives insertion to what turn out to be false rumors—but the absurdest rumors we have had during this war, have been promulgated on Sundays, when no daily papers were issued. On Monday mornings they were corrected—the people breathing freer as soon as they read the morning papers.

The fact is—and we are not speaking hastily or carelessly—the general accuracy of the statements made by the daily press during the present war, considering that it is a time of excitement and war, is worthy of high praise. Its paid correspondents are everywhere, and their statements are generally reliable. Every morning the citizens of the leading Northern cities know more accurately what has transpired in Washington and on the Potomac the previous day and evening, than the Washingtonians themselves. Washington constantly abounds with the absurdest rumors—rumors which Philadelphia and New York are entirely free from, owing to the activity of the Northern press. It is a matter of common remark in Washington, that they have to wait for the Philadelphia and New York papers to know whether this, that, or the other astounding report is true. Any one who spends a week in Washington, realizes the great service rendered to the country by a vigilant press, in preserving it from the continual worry and wearing excitement caused by unfounded rumors.

Having thus borne our candid testimony to the value of the daily press, we may conclude by saying that under present circumstances, neither the daily nor the weekly papers, as a general thing, are in such a condition as to warrant the imposition of any burdens upon them.

THE GOLDEN MOMENT.—Read what a Boston merchant, direct from Savannah and New Orleans, says of the Port Royal affair, and the loss by our forces of the golden moment for taking Savannah. It is but a corroboration of what is heard from many quarters. And remember that

"The golden opportunity
Is never offered twice; seize then the hour
When fortune smiles and duty points the way;
Nor shrink aside to 'scape the spectre fear!"

THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

The Press, the "most respectable London organ of the Tory party in England," has the subjoined statement:

"In order to show how groundless were the suspicions of the Cabinet of Washington that the British Government was desirous of intervening in favor of the Seceding States, the Premier made known to Mr. Adams that *so early as June the French Government proposed to our Government, to recognize the independence of the Confederate States* (a proposal which was made through M. Fould); and that, both then and since, our Government had refused to take any such course—although the industrial interests of this country, as of France, were entirely in favor of such a measure, and the very origin of the United States would have debarred the Cabinet of Washington from taking exception to such a policy on the part of England."

We have seen repeated allusions in the English papers to a French proposition of the above character, and therefore fear, as it has never been denied, that it is truer than we would like it to be. If it be true, it should prove to our citizens how foolish is the reliance that many of them place upon the friendship of Louis Napoleon. In fact, we have few friends abroad, and we must not, being a Republic, expect to have any powerful ones. We must rely, in the first place, upon ourselves; and, secondly, upon cultivating the friendship of the American nations—moulding thus a Continental policy, based upon American as distinguished from European interests.

One thing also the above action of France should convince us of—the absolute necessity of subduing the rebels at as early a date as possible. If we do not begin to make some progress in this work, three months may witness the recognition of the Confederate States by Great Britain and France, and six months an attempt by an allied expedition to break the blockade. The first would not necessarily be war, but the second would be beyond all denial.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

A gentleman of this city recently informed us that he had offered—at least he had *tried* to get his offer before the Department, but was not certain it had reached there—to furnish artillery shells for 3½ cents a pound. Another concern in this city manages, he says, to secure large orders—several thousands of tons—at, as near as he could ascertain, 5½ cents a pound.

The saving to the Government would be, at his price, $35,000 on every thousand tons of shells!

Our informant said that, even at 3½ cents, he would make $30,000 on every thousand tons furnished. *But he was afraid to offer to furnish them for 3 cents a pound, lest his proposals should be deemed unworthy of consideration.*

These and other facts would seem to prove that for about every million of dollars spent by the Government, from a quarter to half a million is either foolishly or corruptly squandered.

And while this remains to be the case, the load of taxation will be very impatiently borne by the people.

KEEP READY FOR THE WORST.

We see it stated that Gov. Curtin proposes to send the balance of the volunteers raised by this state, on a Southern expedition of their own. We doubt the wisdom of stripping the state of all its troops. If the army of the Potomac intends to move forward, it *may* encounter defeat, and Pennsylvania is too near the scene of action not to need ample preparation for any contingency. Even as things now stand, the retreat of our troops from Romney to Cumberland would seem to show that we have by no means too large a force on our Southern border. If the rebels have the least military genius among them, they will, if they get a chance, endeavor to meet our invasion as the Romans met the Carthagenian invasion, by abandoning their own soil to its fate, and "carrying the war into Africa." While our editors are talking so much about McClellan's strategy, they must not forget that Johnston and Beauregard may have their plans also, and that a desperate dash at Pittsburg is quite within the range of possibilities.

THE NAVAL EXPEDITIONS.

It puzzles us greatly, why the Naval Expeditions were not all combined, and aimed at the Southern seaports in turn. New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston, once captured, and we should hear no more European threats of breaking the blockade, for there would be none to break. These cities once taken and fortified, could be held by comparatively few men, for, having the command of the sea, we could throw in reinforcements at any time when they were seriously menaced.

We trust that the Burnside Expedition has gone to reinforce either Sherman or Phelps, and not to take possession of any new and unimportant point. The effect of the taking of either New Orleans, Savannah, or Charleston would be very great both upon the rebels and Europe—greater than the occupying of hundreds of miles of mere seacoast. And the way to break a stone is to hammer not all over it, but in one place. In war, as in peace, in Union there is strength.

THE Norfolk Day Book publishes the U. S. accounts of the defeat of Gen. Zollicoffer, but says it don't believe a word of it, and tells its readers that it is a Wall Street lie, got up to raise their spirits after the *defeat* of the Yankees by Jeff. Thompson, at Ironton.

That's right, gentlemen. Keep up your spirits, by disbelieving the truth, and believing a lie. But Zollicoffer is defeated, and "dead as a door-nail" notwithstanding.

BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.—We have various reports about this expedition having been seen at Hatteras, in Pamlico Sound, &c.; but nothing of a reliable character has come to hand at the time we write this. It may come, however, before we go to press.

PROSPECT OF AN ADVANCE.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Express*, in a letter dated January 22, says:

"Your readers may set their minds at rest about any advance movement of the army of the Potomac. Officers and their regiments and divisions may receive orders to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice, Gen. McClellan's twenty-four baggage wagons, including arrangements for eating and sleeping, with well-matched bright bays, may be in good running trim, but *an advance movement of the army of the Potomac at present, and for ninety days to come, is out of the question.* The winter of this region has just commenced, and the roads are frightful. A piece of hard ground upon which to manœuvre an army of 25,000 men can scarcely be found between this and Richmond. This state of affairs, it is feared, may prevail at the West, where the grand army has so auspiciously commenced active operations."

The error of the above as to the state of the roads is this, that a spell of cold weather may make them good at any time.—When frozen they are as good as need be for army purposes. If the army does not advance for ninety days, it will probably not be owing to the state of the roads, unless we have unusually mild weather for the balance of the winter.

AN UNWISE APPOINTMENT.

The appointment of John Tucker, recently of this city, as one of the Assistant Secretaries of War, with the charge of "all the transportation by sea, chartering of vessels," &c., is looked upon as a very unfavorable sign by many of the business men of Philadelphia. That Mr. Tucker is an able business man is not denied—though we do not consider him superior in that respect to Mr. Alex. Cummings, whose ability was rather disparagingly spoken of in Congress the other day. But we hold that in the appointment of either a member of the Cabinet, or of his assistant, one of the same rules should be observed that St. Paul laid down as to Bishops—"Moreover, he must have a good report of them which are without; lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil."

If the President had conformed to this rule, he would never have appointed Mr. Cameron, and thereby saved himself and the country some unfortunate experiences. Certainly there must be a few able business men still left in the Union, to whose perfect fairness and uprightness whole communities would vouch.

A FALSE PROPHET.

Dr. Russell, in his correspondence to the London *Times*, predicts that the Cabinet at Washington will refuse to surrender up Messrs. Mason and Slidell.

So say the recent advices from England.—And yet at the time that Mr. Russell wrote his letter, he ought to have known better than to make such a prediction. It is said that Russell is going home, and certainly his reputation with intelligent English readers must be by this time so nearly destroyed, that the *Times* would find it good policy to send out another correspondent. Of course he would be no better than Russell—if as good—but then the foreign public would not be able to find it out for a time. If the policy of his employees would only allow him to keep to facts, and not venture upon surmises and predictions, he might be reasonably accurate in his statements.

A WESTERN railroad president, an intimate friend of Gen. McClellan, has arrived in Boston, and informs the editor of the Journal, that while in Washington he had an interview with the commanding general, and that he came out perfectly satisfied that not many weeks would elapse before he and all friends of the Union would be able to reassume with pride the valued title of an "American citizen." Every contingency is provided for, and a failure of the plan decided upon to put down with a few powerful and rapid blows the great rebellion seems almost impossible.

The above looks like action, and that right speedily. We trust however that Gen. McClellan will not move one minute before he is ready, so that he will be prepared to take the whole responsibility in case of failure, as well as in that of success. We trust also that a sufficient force will be left near Washington to protect that city in case of a second reverse. For war, even when most wisely planned, is a very uncertain game.

Our thanks are due to Senator Sumner and Hon. W. D. Kelley for copies of their recent able speeches in Congress.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE CREATION OR THE EARTH AND ITS INHABITANTS: or, A Vindication of the Cosmogony of the Bible from the Assaults of Modern Science. By ELI BOWEN, Prof. of Geology and Mining Economy. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A new effort in a work which many have already attempted; the endeavor to reconcile the Mosaic account of the Creation with the modern discoveries of physical science. It is an aim that should secure to the work inspired by it a lenient judgment from those who accept the first chapter of Genesis as literally descriptive of the Creation of the Earth; and this, we presume, includes nearly all Christendom; for even those who find in the inspired record a description of the process of spiritual regeneration in the ancient church, or even in each truly living soul, are far from denying its accordance with the facts of physical creation; since the world of matter is considered the outward form of spiritual life, whose laws are no arbitrary arrangements, but flowing in the necessary sequences of Divine order, alike in the spiritual and the natural worlds.

With leniency of judgment thus bespoken, we are not disposed to deal severely with the style or arrangement of the astronomical and geological treatises which illustrate the progression of the six days of creation;—each day being supposed to represent a great astronomical cycle, perhaps of millions of years; Mr. Bowen asserting that "the Hebrews used the word *day* to express circles of events and periods of time without regard to duration, as contradistinguished from other circles and periods of time."

The most interesting portion of the geological part of this work is the theory of the deposition of coal veins, which differs from the generally received opinions upon the subject. Mr. Bowen contends that neither the drift nor the peat-bog theory will satisfactorily account for the formation of coal beds, and asserts that they have been formed, not by the fossilization of vegetable substances, but by the fermented resinous juices of decaying vegetation draining off into the great basins from which the waters were gradually subsiding. The theory is plausible and ingenious, and goes far to explain some puzzling facts which have been stumbling-blocks in the way of other theorizers.

The explanation of the Fourth Day, when appeared "lights in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night," is thus given: "The natural and logical inference is that the light of the sun, moon and stars had not yet penetrated through the vapors surrounding the earth in the carboniferous era, and could therefore have exercised but little astronomical influence; and it was to establish that influence, and to rule over the earth, that their light finally predominated."

The drawback to the carrying out of this ingenious explanation, and to other parts of the work, too, is the author's continual special pleading, and the tendency he shows to patronize Moses, to "clap him o' the shoulder," in fact, as if he had made a good hit of it, in what is, we must acknowledge, a very amusing way. And now, since we have broken in on our predeterminedly serious view of this well meaning book, we may as well confess that the whole chapter of the Seventh Day—the "theological view," the author calls it—is the very dullest thing that we have come across for a long time. We do not refer to the explanation of the doctrine of the Trinity, which is so astoundingly materialistic that it can only shock or amaze, not amuse; but to the account of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, their temptation, and expulsion thence; which is a glowing compound of Milton's Paradise Lost, the Jewish Talmud, and the Arabian Nights. Our readers may be gratified by a specimen:

"Thus stealthily stalked the angel of Evil from one object and scene to another, until all their varied features had been duly scanned; while he secretly gloated over the impending gloom (decreed in the bituminous caverns of hell) which his machinations were now suspending over the young earth like the web of a spider. Anon he espied the secret bower sacred to love and wedded bliss. On an elevated step, overlooking the glories of the paradise which stretched in profuse luxuriance beneath, a Parian nook opened its chaste portals to the nuptial feast. From the top, clusters of amaranth diffused immortality upon the rosy couch: while dahlias, geraniums, heliotropes, myrtles and olives, sacred to eternal love, devotion, holiness and peace, twined their tendrils and their new-blown buds in long-drawn aisles and foliaged arches, to screen them from the peering sun. There, *on sheets of silken down, newly hackled from gossamer cocoons*, the progenitors of mankind resigned themselves to rest, locked in the arms of holy love."

This serious and scientific view of the early state of man is followed by the consideration of the Deluge, in the course of which an excellent suggestion is made to Noah, and the intelligence of that worthy patriarch thus triumphantly and patronizingly vindicated.—We omit the italics, which are as recklessly lavished upon the text as if they had been sprinkled with a pepper-box.

"The animals did not come to Noah: Noah went to them. But how? did he or his agents wander over the earth, armed with spears, and lasso, and traps, to hunt down and capture the animals? or, like a man of sense, taking a practical view of the enterprise committed to him, did he merely seek the young of each species, and arrange them in a general cosmopolitan menagerie, to be trained to the voyage they were to undergo? We have no right to suppose that Noah was an ignorant, simple-minded, old man; on the contrary, he was eminent for his wisdom and virtue. Being a man of practical sense, therefore, his obvious policy was to obtain young animals; first, because they would be more tractable; second, because they would occupy less space in the ark; third, because they would not encumber the ark with brood. * * * Would not the young of all quadrupeds answer his purpose better in every point of view than the full-grown animals? Was it necessary to fill his ark with antiquated oxen, and elephants, and camels, that had done service in the plough or the caravan? Must he select poor old spavined horses, toothless lions, and tigers, and bears, when the little cubs would best correspond with the object of his mission? The idea is too absurd to be entertained!"

"Rayther so," as young Bally observes. In short, it will be evident that the Professor of Geology and Mining Economy is more at home in the coal mines, and in the consideration of fossils than in a theological view of the Scriptures; and we must wish, for the credit of his real attainments, that he had ended his work at the close of the Six Days of creation, and left the Seventh at rest.

☞ Mrs. Catharine Leathers, of Bancroft, has a whole squad of men-folks in the army—a husband, four sons, four stepsons, three grand-sons, and two sons-in-law. She thinks she ought to have a pension.

☞ Every citizen of France is born a soldier, and is by an old law held to serve his country, hence the gathering of their large armies, when wanted—every one from 16 to 40 belonging to the army, and from 40 to 60 to the National Guard.

☞ The mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing; if packed with things that had better been left out, it is worse than when empty.

☞ Have you heard of the fellow who ran aboard a steamboat at St. Louis, with an order for a passage on the "Missouri?" "This is not the Missouri, sir," said the captain. "What? 'tain't the Missoury?" "No, sir, it is not." "What do you have it printed on her for, then?" "We don't have it printed on her, sir." "You don't! What do you call M-i-s-s-o-u-r-y? If that don't spell Missoury, I'd like to know what it does spell!"

A BOY'S EXPERIMENT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A very quaint little boy with whom I am well acquainted, arose one frosty morning not long since, and after having gone out into the open air, he noticed an iron post-digger resting against the side of the house. Being desirous of ascertaining the temperature of the implement, he protruded his tongue against the metallic substance, which instantly congealed the extremity of the "little member," and caused it to adhere so firmly to the utensil, that he tried for some time to loosen it, but in vain. He informs us that his first thought was to carry the implement into the house and thaw loose by the fire. But the implement was frozen fast to the ground and could not be easily moved. The unfortunate boy then began to groan most piteously, but was unable to call for any one to deliver him. At length the father heard the faint cry of distress, and rushed from the house to see what had befallen his boy. When he reached the spot and saw the sad fate his poor child had met with, he hastily returned to the house, where he met his much frightened wife, who was still more alarmed, when she saw the intense anxiety that was depicted on her husband's countenance. She hastened to the spot where her boy was standing, but not being able to release him, she ran about in wild confusion not knowing what could be done.

At this moment the thoughtful father returned, with dishcloth in hand, which he had saturated with boiling water. A moment more, and it was wrapped around the implement which was soon of a temperature sufficient to release the little prisoner. When he got the use of his tongue again, he asked—"Why is the iron colder than things around it?" The question we think a philosophical one. J. W.

Smithfield, Jeff. Co., Ohio.

[The iron is no colder, as the thermometer would prove. It is merely a better "conductor of heat," as the books say. We have heard of boys losing their tongues in the manner stated.]

THE BATTLES BETWEEN THE LOYAL INDIANS AND THE REBELS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Fort Leavenworth, under date of January 15, says:—

The news from the Indian country is of great interest. On the arrival home of the Indian delegation from Washington, they represented the magnitude of the Federal forces and their vast resources for carrying on the war, to the several tribes, who at once collected a large force and declared themselves in behalf of the Union. This Indian army, numbering nearly four thousand men, was placed under the command of Ho-pothe-yo-ho-la, an aged Creek chieftain, who fought under Jackson in the war of 1812, and is at present well known to the national officers. The principal chiefs under him were Yustenick-co-chokme, Pascofar, Cho-fo-lop-haigo, Ah-ha-luck, Yuste-migo, and Sun-muckee-micco—mostly of the Seminoles.

This force, armed with common hunting rifles and bows and arrows, and stationed on the Verdigris river, near Coody's Bluffs, was attacked, on Christmas day, by Ben McCulloch's Texan Rangers and a large force of rebel Indians, and, after a desperate conflict, was defeated. Two hundred of the Cherokees stood their ground until every man but one was killed. The Creeks fled before the desperate charge of the Rangers. The Seminoles took advantage of the ground, and acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of the highest praise.

One incident of this battle for freedom we would fain notice, as the historian may fail to chronicle it: to wit, the heroic conduct of Ho-pothe-yo-ho-la, the silver-haired chieftain in command, who, having been driven from his first position by an irresistible charge of the enemy, sought a second one, and declared his intention of dying rather than retreat further; and he was only prevented from carrying out this declaration by being seized by two of his warriors and carried off the field, whilst a dauntless band of his braves covered his retreat by opposing the pursuing foe in the most unflinching and fearless manner. Three hundred Cherokees (commanded by John Ross) were stationed between the mouths of the Verdigris and Grand rivers. The latest intelligence from that quarter is that they were surrounded by the rebels, and it is supposed they have been entirely cut to pieces ere now.

The result of the war in the Indian Territory has proved very destructive to the loyal tribes, who have been compelled to leave their towns to the mercy of an unsparing foe. It is the belief of the principal chiefs that they would have been able to have stood their ground had they not been destitute of ammunition. General Hunter had ordered 4,500 pounds of ammunition to be loaded into wagons, on yesterday, while Mr. Johnson, agent for the Delawares, secured the services of twenty-five warriors to serve as an escort, and the writer was to accompany the expedition; but before the arrival of the time appointed for our departure, intelligence was received of the total rout of the loyal tribes, and their arrival in Southern Kansas, where some thirteen thousand men, women, and children, are now awaiting assistance from the Government—they being destitute, having to leave their homes in such haste as to prevent them from making the necessary preparation for their comfort. And when we consider that these hapless mortals were, in their destitute condition, forced to travel for eight days through an uninhabited country, we may have a faint realization of the amount of suffering which they must have endured. This news was received on yesterday evening, and on this morning General Hunter despatched sixteen wagons, ladened with ammunition, flour, and bacon, to the relief of the reported sufferers. E. H. Corruth, the celebrated mediator between the Government and the Indians will, by order of General Hunter, start to Southern Kansas on to-morrow, for the purpose of taking the census of all the tribes represented, and at the same time will organize the warriors into regiments, which will at once apply for acceptance into the Government service, and will, no doubt, prove efficient auxiliaries, as Mr Corruth, who has just arrived from their headquarters, reports them filled with revenge, and desirous of at once being led against an enemy who vanquished them, because destitute of the necessary munitions to enable them to make a successful resistance.

☞ What is the reason that so many Irishmen are found in our army? Because they have always been noted for their patriotism.

THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRING.

TEN CANNON, OVER 500 MUSKETS, AND 100 WAGONS CAPTURED, &c.—OFFICIAL ACCOUNT—GEN. ZOLLICOFFER KILLED.

Despatches from Cincinnati and Louisville, bring us intelligence that Gen. Thomas had been attacked at Somerset by the rebel Gen. Zollicoffer, and the latter had been badly beaten, and himself killed, and that the Government troops were in full pursuit of the rebels to their entrenchments at Mill Spring Ford, where, according to previous accounts, they were entrenched with 8,000 men, and defended by about twelve pieces of artillery. It was arranged that Gen. Thomas should leave Jamestown, and Gen. Schoepff advance from Somerset, thus hemming in Zollicoffer from the west and north. Some secession spy carried the intelligence of Gen. Thomas' movement to the rebel camp, and Zollicoffer, making a forced march on Saturday afternoon, reached Gen. Thomas' encampment early on Sunday morning.

In the meantime, Major Sheppard, with the Eighteenth Regulars and Col. Manson's brigade of the Tenth Indiana, Col. Halson's Tenth Kentucky, Col. Cross' Fourth Kentucky, reached Gen. Thomas' camp after a forced march of twenty-five miles, so that he was able to advance upon the rebels and drive them before him until he reached their entrenchments at night.

A private letter from Somerset says that the citizens and soldiers are straggling in loaded with the trophies of battle. Our bullets were sent with unerring aim, and many of the rebels are shot in the forehead, breast and body. The Union people here have flocked to the battlefield in droves, and are jubilant at the result.

It is thought that Gen. Crittenden is among the prisoners, disguised as a surgeon.

After being engaged nearly two hours, the Ninth Ohio, Second Minnesota and Fourth Kentucky Regiments made a desperate bayonet charge upon the enemy and drove them from the woods, completely routing and pursuing them to their entrenchments. At the heat of the engagement, Capt. Kinney ordered one section of his battery within sixty yards of the enemy's lines, and opened a deadly fire upon them, which added greatly to the success of the day.

Our advance arrived within sight of the rebel entrenchments one hour before dark, and fired upon them with shot and shell. Night closing in put a stop to further demonstrations. At daylight the next morning a steamboat was observed transporting troops across the Cumberland. Whitmore's Battery of Parott guns were brought to bear on the boat, which, in a few minutes afterwards, was in flames. The Tenth Ohio and Fourteenth Ohio were ordered by Gen. Thomas to advance on the enemy's breastworks. Moving up in line of battle and scaling the entrenchments, they found the camp entirely deserted, and everything standing as when occupied by the enemy. The houses, tents, horses, mules, wagons, baggage, cannon, ammunition, and firearms were found in perfect preservation. The rebel forces in the attack were led by Generals Crittenden and Zollicoffer, and were 8,000 strong.

OFFICIAL.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 22, 1862.—To Major-General MCCLELLAN, commanding the United States Army—The following has just been received from Gen. Thomas:—

The rout of the enemy was complete. After succeeding in getting two pieces of artillery across the river, and upwards of fifty wagons, he abandoned the rest, with all the ammunition in the depot at Mills Spring. They then threw away their arms and dispersed through the mountain by-ways, in the direction of Monticello; but are so completely demoralized that I don't believe they will make another stand short of Tennessee.

The property captured on this side of the river is of great value, amounting to eight 6-pounders and two Parrot guns, with caissons filled with ammunition; about one hundred four-horse wagons, and upwards of twelve hundred horses and mules, several boxes of arms which have never been opened, and from five hundred to one thousand muskets (mostly flint-locks but in good order); subsistence stores enough to serve the entire command for three days, and a large amount of hospital stores.

As soon as I receive the report of the Brigade Commanders, I will furnish a detailed report of the battle. Our loss was thirty-nine killed and one hundred and twenty-seven wounded. Among the wounded were Col. McCook, of the Ninth Ohio, commanding a brigade of his, and Lieut. Burt, of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry. The loss of the rebels was Zollicoffer and one hundred and fourteen others killed and buried, one hundred and sixteen wounded, and forty-five taken prisoners (not wounded) five of whom are surgeons, and including Lieutenant-Colonel Carter, of the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment. (Signed)

GENERAL THOMAS.

(Signed) D. C. BUELL, Brig.-Gen. Com'g.

GENERAL ORDER IN RESPECT TO THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRING.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Jan. 22, 1862.

The President, Commander in-Chief of the Army and Navy, has received information of a brilliant victory achieved by the United States forces, over a large body of armed traitors and rebels, at Mill Spring, in the State of Kentucky. He returns thanks to the gallant officers and soldiers who won that victory, and when the official report shall be received, the military skill and personal valor displayed in battle will be acknowledged and rewarded in a fitting manner. The courage that encountered and vanquished the greatly superior numbers of the rebel force, pursued and attacked them in their entrenchments, and paused not until the enemy was completely routed, merits and receives commendation. The purpose of this war is to pursue and destroy a rebellious enemy, and to deliver the country from danger. Menaced by traitors, alacrity, daring, courageous spirit and patriotic zeal on all occasions and under every circumstance, are expected from the army of the United States. In the prompt and spirited movements and daring at the battle of Mill Spring, the nation will realize its hopes, and the people of the United States will rejoice to honor every soldier and officer who proves his courage by charging with the bayonet or storming intrenchments in the blaze of the enemy's fire.

By order of the President.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

The remains of Gen. Zollicoffer and Bailie Peyton, Jr., are undergoing the process of embalming, at Somerset, so as to be delivered to their relatives.

The brunt of the battle devolved on the 4th Kentucky, 2d Minnesota, 9th Ohio and 10th Indiana. For nearly two hours the roar of musketry was kept up. Shortly after 11 o'clock, Col. Haskins succeeded in flanking the enemy on the extreme right, when the 9th Ohio and 2d Minnesota charged with the bayonet with triumphant yells, which broke the rebel ranks and the rout began—They fled pell-mell to their camp, strewing the road with muskets, blankets, overcoats and knapsacks, and abandoned two guns and caissons.

Zollicoffer was shot through the heart at the head of his staff, by Colonel Fry, of the 4th Kentucky. It appears that Zollicoffer lost his way in the bushes, and suddenly emerged before Col. Fry, who was accompanied by some staff officers. The two parties mistook each other for friends, and approached within a few yards of each other, when finding their mistake, both halted and prepared for a hand-to-hand conflict. One of Zollicoffer's aids shot at Col. Fry, but only brought his horse down. The United States Colonel immediately drew his six shooter, and brought Zollicoffer from his saddle at the first fire. The rebel staff deserted their chief's body, which was taken to Somerset the day after the battle.

An east Tennesseean, writing to the Commercial says:

"All the credit and honor of this battle is due to the 10th Indiana and 9th Ohio, 4th Kentucky and 2d Minnesota regiments, for they did all the fighting singlehanded, with exception of what support they received from the artillery. They all fought nobly, and never wavered from their fixed determination to gain the victory." The combatants were so near each other at one time, that the powder burned their faces on the discharge of each other's pieces.

NEWS ITEMS.

REPORTED ABANDONMENT OF FORT PULASKI.—A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Hilton Head, under date of Jan. 20, says:—

"A report just comes that Fort Pulaski has been abandoned by the rebels. Prudence was considered, on their part, the better part of valor. It was only a question of a short time, as the fort was thoroughly invested, and would have been taken in a few days.

"A movement will soon be made in another direction, and you will hear enough to satisfy all croakers, so far at least as this (Sherman's) expedition is concerned." [We would sooner hear of it, than hear so much talk of it.]

A THIRD tremendous storm and flood has fallen upon California, and the area of land inundated is 20 miles broad and 250 miles long, including upward of 3,000,000 acres.—No less than 4,500 head of cattle and sheep have been drowned. The mining regions lose very heavily, as the earth had been dug up to a great extent for working.

A DISPATCH from Salt Lake City says that a territorial convention met there on the 22d ultimo, and drew up a State Constitution, to be submitted to Congress, and in which Utah demands admission into the Union.—Nothing is said about the character of the Constitution.

A NEW CAPTURE.—Cedar Keys, a group of small islands close to the west coast of Florida, at the Gulf terminus of the Fernandina and Jacksonville Railroad, was captured on Thursday of last week by U. S. vessels.—The rebel schooner Wilder was also captured on the 20th, in the Gulf, three miles below Fort Morgan. She was from Havana. In doing this it is alleged by the rebels that the United States vessel lost her boat and a number of men. There is said to be excellent ship-timber at Cedar Keys.

AN official account of the capture of Biloxi by an expedition from Ship Island has reached the Navy Department.

IN the late battle near Somerset the rebel army consisted of ten infantry regiments, three batteries and some cavalry, in all about ten thousand men. They fought well, though in their usual bush whacking style, from ravines and behind trees, bushes and rocks.

UPON the arrival at Hatteras of the Burnside expedition, the militia of twenty-three counties were called to repel it, and drafting was going on at the last advices.

NORTHERN VIRGINIA.—The latest advices from Romney represent the rebel Gen. Jackson as threatening our rear at Cheat Mountain and Laurel Hill, and in order to checkmate him Gen. Rosecrantz has been suddenly recalled to his old position. If he and Gen. Landor work their cards right the rebels will make tracks out of Romney quicker than they came in.

A CONTRACT has been closed with a Philadelphian for the manufacture of rifles, after the Springfield pattern, at $21.50 each. As the actual cost of them at the armory is only $13, the contract very naturally excites both remark and suspicion.—*Recent Washington Correspondence.* (Where's Stanton?)

THE Emperor of the French has lent the British government 2,000 pairs of snow-boots for the use of the troops which are now crossing the Atlantic on their way to Canada, "than which (says a Liverpool paper) nothing could be more considerate or friendly."

AMUSING.—A leading English weekly journal thus describes the condition of public feeling in the United States:

"The mob have apparently given in before the determined attitude which England has assumed; the near prospect of war has for the moment subdued their frenzy."

THE Duke of Newcastle's son, Lord Lincoln, has been defeated in the election for Nottingham, where the greater portion of the Duke's landed property lies. The successful candidate is a young baronet, Sir Robert Clifton.

BAD MANAGEMENT AND CHEATING.—The acting quartermaster of the Ira Harris Cavalry, who had charge of the transportation of about 170 horses belonging to the regiment, has been arrested at Baltimore for trading off the animals, and replacing them with stock not worth ten dollars a head. He has been sent to Fort McHenry, to await a disposition of his case. Gen. Dix telegraphed the facts to Col. De Forest, the commander of the regiment, and that gentleman succeeded in finding nearly all the horses in the Baltimore livery stables.

The government horses are suffering terribly for want of forage, as well as for want of proper care. They are dying off daily by scores. Forage comes forward slowly, owing in some measure to dilitariness in paying off contractors, and the advance which has recently taken place in hay and oats. There is certainly a want of management in some of the proper departments. Hay which was contracted for by the government three weeks ago at $22 per ton, and which has not come forward, cannot now be bought for less than $26 per ton.

THE CONTRABANDS AT BULL RUN.—The New York Post publishes a lengthy statement from an intelligent contraband named John Parker, who escaped from Virginia and made his way through the Federal lines to New York. Before the battle of Bull Run, he was, with a large number of other slaves, made to work on the entrenchments around Manassas, and, on the memorable 21st of July, the day of the battle, he was engaged on one of the rebel batteries, helping to load and swab the guns. The rebels had 4 masked batteries on the battle-field, defended by over 40,000 men before they were reinforced by a portion of Gen. Johnston's command, and their loss was about 3,600. A large number of slaves were working the guns during the battle, but they fixed their cannons so that their deadly contents went over the heads of the Federal troops. The Post says that he told them of a deep-laid plan, which it refuses to disclose, perfectly understood throughout the South, and that the slaves were putting it in execution, hundreds and hundreds escaping at every opportunity.

Affairs in Savannah, New Orleans, AND COLUMBUS.

A Cairo correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, in a letter dated Jan. 20, says:

A gentleman connected with a well known Hatter firm of Boston, arrived here last Friday evening, direct from New Orleans. He went down in the latter part of October, and has since that time, till within ten days, been in Savannah and New Orleans, endeavoring to sell or in some way realize upon some Southern property. He is a shrewd, intelligent business man, and his account of matters in the South differ so essentially in some particulars from the most pleasing stories we have hitherto had, that it may be well to occupy some space with them.

NO UNION SENTIMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Perhaps the most important of Mr. C.'s statements is his positive denial of the existence of any Union feeling in New Orleans.—He says there was a suppressed Union sentiment there until the issue of "that astounding proclamatory effort by Gen. Phelps. This was immediately caught up and re-published by every Southern journal, and its effect upon the Union cause he represents as most baleful. Business, excepting in sugars, is utterly prostrated, but the military enthusiasm is unabated. There are many fancy regiments, composed exclusively of the wealthier classes, which drill regularly, and keep up a great rivalry among themselves; and all classes seem, if possible, more determined to fight the fight out, and possessed of an intense hatred to the Union and the North, than when he went down, two months and a half ago.

THE BLOCKADE.

Mr. C. represents the blockade as only effective enough to be provoking. During one week that he spent in Savannah, *four vessels ran the blockade*, and entered that harbor, heavily laden with Enfield rifles, army stores, and the more important necessaries. They have purchased large quantities of arms in Europe, and have got the greater portion of them safely in. Many articles are, of course, very scarce, such as the heavier classes of foreign imports, but he saw nothing of actual want more than is usual in large cities.

The vessels which ran the blockade are mostly small, light-draught steamers, built solely with a view to speed, which clear from ports of the West Indies with British papers, for some neutral port, sail under British colors, and, with the aid of the best pilots, run in under cover of the night. If they see the blockading vessels in the way at one port, they stand off shore, run down to another, and try again, and so on until they get in. The enormous profits of course pay for the delay and risk.

THE SUMTER NOT A PRIVATEER.

Mr. C. states that the Sumter is not now sailing under letters of marque, as has been universally supposed, but is regularly commissioned as a Confederate man-of-war. The craft is thus relieved from the odium of piracy, and, according to "belligerent rights," has every privilege in a neutral port that a vessel of the United States navy can claim.

DEFENCES AT NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans is represented as having been made almost impregnable. The shell-road, and every avenue of approach to the city, are defended by very powerful batteries, sweeping them for miles, while on either side felled trees form an impenetrable abattis out into the swamp. And, to man the fortifications, and aid in the defence, they have a force of no less than 50,000 men, under Major General Lovell.

THE PORT ROYAL AFFAIR.

Mr. C. was in Savannah at the time of the naval bombardment at Port Royal. A single regiment, in his opinion, could have taken Savannah, or the fleet could have run past Fort Pulaski, and taken the city with more ease than they reduced Hilton Head. The whole country side at once rushed down with miscellaneous weapons and no organization; and even after fifteen or twenty thousand had collected, they would only have swelled the slaughter on their own side, if an attack had been promptly made. But now everything has been lost, the fortifications have been greatly strengthened, and the most efficient preparations have been made for a desperate defence.

At New Orleans the people were much depressed over the loss of Port Royal island.—Subsequently, however, they consoled themselves with the reflection that it was foolish for them to have ever thought of holding the islands against our powerful navy, but, when we attempted to leave the cover of our men-of-war, and attack them on the main land, they would be ready for us.

MASON AND SLIDELL.

The news of the capture of Mason and Slidell at once brought gold down from thirty-five to fifteen per cent. premium. Confidence in their Government increased as the prospect of war between the United States and England appeared, and they were jubilant accordingly. The subsequent release was a crushing disappointment, and under the depression gold mounted rapidly again to an exorbitant premium.

THEIR SPIRIT—ABOUT OUR FIGHTING.

They have made up their mind that the North must be as well convinced, by this time, as they are, of the impossibility of reconstructing the Union, and must, therefore, be waging the war as one of subjugation.—Against this, former Union men will fight as readily as original secessionists, and it is this conviction which has of late produced such unanimity.

They regard McClellan as a great general, but say it is a pity he should be compelled to deal with troops he is afraid to trust. The fighting at Belmont, they say, was about the only good fighting done in the war, on our side, and they are amazed that we did not make it a complete success.

MATTERS AT COLUMBUS.

Mr. C. was three days in Columbus, but was not permitted to see much of the fortifications. In passing in and out, however, enough was seen to show that they are of the most formidable nature. The rebels themselves, both there and in New Orleans, talked of them as impregnable, and expressed a desire to have us attack them there, but feared we would not. He saw some of the torpedoes, with which they are filling the channel, and learned of an accident which would seem to show that they are rather more destructive than has been supposed. During the gale, the Saturday before he arrived, their bridge of ferry boats was blown down the stream, and one, happening to pass over one of these sunken torpedoes, was literally blown to pieces. There were about 30,000 troops at Columbus, and some 10 or 12,000 had been sent to Bowling Green within the last two weeks. They were established in comfortable log huts, and appeared well, though rather miscellaneously clothed. They spoke of our gunboats with great respect, said they had complete plans of the Benton, furnished by one of the workmen engaged in building her, and brought Commodore Foote a very respectable antagonist.

Mr. C. was convinced that if Columbus is taken, it will only be after a most bloody and desperate struggle. He returns fully satisfied of the desperation of the South, and of the improbability that they will ever be finally subjugated.

WHAT THE NEWS AMOUNTS TO.

All this is to be taken as the judgment and observation of a shrewd Boston business man, of the orthodox Boston business conservatism and liking for Southern trade, whose object was primarily to sell property, not to study revolutions, (especially as it was very dangerous to be known to be engaged in such study,) and who naturally looked at things mainly as they appeared on the surface, and was impressed accordingly. As such, his facts and opinions are not altogether unworthy of note.

THE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL LANE.

Mr. W. A. Croffut writes to the *N. Y. Tribune* as follows:—

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19, 1862.

At the leave-taking of Gen. James H. Lane at the White House, on Friday P. M., a conversation occurred so remarkable and important in its scope, and so evidently designed for the public eye that I feel at liberty to record it for the readers of the Tribune.

There were present at the time President Lincoln, Gen. Lane, Senator Pomeroy, Commissioner Dole, a few members of the House, and a group of officers and clerks from the different departments of Government.

On turning to leave, Gen. Lane said:—"Well, Mr. Lincoln, you know my way; I shall pursue the policy with which I began, and somebody will get hurt."

To which the President replied:—

"Yes, General, I understand you. And the only difference between you and me is, that *you* are willing to surrender fugitives to loyal owners in case they are willing to return; while *I do not believe the United States Government has any right to give them up in any case.* And if it had, the people would not permit us to exercise it."

Gen. Lane rejoined:—

"That remark, Mr. President, makes me happier than anything that has transpired since the commencement of the war. And if you will announce that as the active policy of the Administration, and let us win one victory on it, you will be the most popular man ever on this continent!"

Mr. Lincoln returned a nod of earnest acknowledgment, and another prominent officer present added:

"I have been aching to ask you, Mr. President, why you do not, without asking the consent of Congress, or anybody else, acquire or set apart some territory somewhere in the South, and say to the negroes in the rebel states, 'Here, come out and go over there, and we will protect you in its possession and your own freedom.'"

After some other general remarks, the General and his friends withdrew.

Mr. Croffut, under date of Jan. 23, further writes:—

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—I am authorized by those who were present at the conversation at the White House between President Lincoln, Gen. Lane and Senator Pomeroy, to assure you again that the idea which the President intended to assert, and did assert, was distinctly this:

"That the rebel states having, by their own insane action, abolished slavery in all its relations with our Government by repudiating our protection, they can make no claim on us for fugitives, and that therefore the United States cannot return them, either with the military or the civil arm."

To this conclusion the President said he had come after deliberate thought.

W. A. CROFFUT.

That those who have broken a compact, cannot require the fulfillment of those portions of the compact which are favorable to themselves, is a maxim both of law and of common sense.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man;
But when she woo'd with love so fond,
He then pronounced her woo-man;
But now with folly and with pride
Their husbands' pockets triumin,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them wim-men.

☞ A late traveller says:—"If you wish to raise an American's pride to fever heat in England, by any other allusion than the flag of his Union, touch his pocket.—'Windsor, sir!' said one of true grit, to an Englishman, who pompously described the palace of his sovereign. 'Windsor! I've heard of it, am going to see it, and, if I like the place, *I intend to buy it.*'"

☞ The old geographical figures describing the world's population are doubted by modern calculators, who fix the number at from 1,182,000,000 to 1,302,000,000 inhabitants.

☞ THE RIGHTS OF SCHOLARS.—The Vermont Supreme Court has decided that schoolmasters have no right to punish their scholars for offences committed out of school and school hours.

☞ The Richmond papers abound in advertisements of "Substitutes Wanted," by soldiers in camp or the field. We have nothing of the kind in the North; but then we are not "the chivalry."

☞ Some time ago the Louisville Journal wittily remarked that before Humphrey Marshall could ever march down to the assistance of the rebels in East Tennessee (the fellow is a marvel of obesity), Cumberland Gap would have to be widened. But since his inglorious rout at Paintsville, it is the popular belief that he could "crawl through a very small hole."

☞ Every farmer should gather his supply of ice from the nearest stream to his farm.—With regard to accumulating large stocks, it may be stated that enormous ice-houses are not necessary. Hundreds of tons of ice may be piled up in the open air, and no other protection is necessary than a good thatch of hemlock or pine boughs over the pile.—The waste will be far less than the expense of building the cheapest board ice-houses.

☞ A FASHION ITEM.—A novelty, this season, not yet introduced on Broadway, except by a few persons returned from abroad, consists of an elegant shawl, in velvet or cashmere, lined with quilted silk, and trimmed with fur. The more expensive the more stylish.—*N. Y. Paper.*

☞ HIGH CHURCH AND LOW CHURCH.—A propos of certain clerical coats:

Of High-Church and Low-Church Sectarian zeal
No small contradiction is prone to reveal.
If in doubt which is which, recollect in your search,
The length of the coat proves the height of the Church.

☞ "It is very curious," said a young lady, "that a tortoise, from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

LATEST NEWS.

FROM MISSOURI.

CAPTURE OF EIGHTY REBELS OF JEFF. THOMPSON'S GANG.

ST. LOUIS, January 26.—Official dispatches from Cape Girardeau state that the expedition which left that place a few days since for Benton and Bloomfield has returned, having captured Lieut.-Colonel Famer, eleven other officers and sixty-eight privates of Jeff. Thompson's command; also quite a number of arms, horses, saddles, &c. A telegraph line is also to be immediately constructed from Rolla, westward. The most of the rebel officers were surprised in a ball room. The dispatch is signed by Gen. Halleck.

ST. LOUIS, January 24.—Several of the secessionists of this city, who were recently assessed for the benefit of the south-western fugitives, by order of Major-General Halleck, having failed to pay their assessments, their property has been seized for a day or two past under an execution to satisfy the assessment, with 25 per cent additional.

MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.—BALTIMORE, Jan. 28.—Resolutions were introduced in the Maryland Senate yesterday, requesting Senators Pearce and Kennedy to resign, on the ground that their sentiments are in direct conflict with the settled views of the people of the State, and that it is right and proper that the State should, at this critical juncture, be represented by Senators whose hearts beat responsive to the throb of devotion, and to the integrity of the Union felt by the great popular heart of the State.

THE U. S. transport Louisiana, of the Burnside expedition, has been beached, and to prevent her falling into the hands of the rebels, she was burned, but all hands on board were saved. The lighthost on the Middle shoal, placed there to supply the absence of the Cape Henry, had also gone ashore on Pleasure House beach, and the crew were taken to Norfolk. The Newbern paper of Wednesday intimates a doubt that any part of the Burnside fleet had entered the sound.

THE rebel newspapers at length publish accounts of their defeat at Somerset. They say that they lost 300 men, that Zollicoffer was killed, Gen. Crittenden wounded, and Rutledge's and McClung's batteries were left on the field; that they thought we had but 1,500 men, and found that they had to contend against 14,000, their own force being stated at 6,000. They admit the loss of all their horses, tents, equipments, &c. At the last accounts Gen. Crittenden had rallied his forces at Monticello, where he intended to make a stand.

THE steamship North Star, from Aspinwall 10th inst., arrived at New York on Saturday evening. She brings $602,767 in specie.

ON Saturday morning, a tremendous gale in Vermont caused a shocking accident on the railway between Troy and Rutland, at Shaftsburg. A car was detached from a train and blown down an embankment thirty feet high, by which Dr. Dwight, of Boston, was killed, two ladies severely wounded and the road-master mortally wounded.

LATER NEWS FROM EUROPE.

HALIFAX, Jan. 26.—The steamship Europa arrived here last night, with dates to the 11th from Liverpool, and to the 12th by telegraph via Queenstown.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Notwithstanding the pacific solution of the American question, warlike preparations were continued at Woolwich.

Mr. Seward's dispatches was considered in Cabinet council on the 9th. The Times understands that an answer will be returned expressing gratification at the disavowal of Com. Wilkes' acts, accepting the satisfaction rendered, and assuming that the precedent in the Trent case will rule the case of the Engenia Smith. As to the general discussion of the law of neutrals the Government will decline any answer until they have had the opportunity of submitting the whole question to the law officers. There are propositions in this note which are not at all admissible, and, after the delivery of the prisoners, these points may be properly discussed.

The London Post announces that a thorough understanding had been arrived at with the American Government. Not only had they given the required reparation, but in doing so Mr. Seward will have succeeded in impressing on the English Government the notion that they have not only obtained the present indemnity, but no small pledge of future security.

The Daily News eulogizes the course of the Washington government, and denounces the course of the Times and Post.

The Times has a strong editorial opposing any ovation to Slidell and Mason, and says they are the most worthless booty it would be possible to extract from the jaws of the American lion, having been long known as blind and habitual haters and revilers of England.

Other journals advise a similar course.

The Times denounces the stone blockade as a most atrocious crime.

The U. S. gunboat Tuscarora and the pirate Nashville are at Southampton. The Tuscarora is at her anchorage, a mile from the dock, with fires banked up and ready to slip anchors and start at a moment's notice. Capt. Craven, on his arrival, asked permission to fire 21 minute guns in respect to Prince Albert, but the Queen having requested that no guns should be fired in the vicinity of Osborne, the courtesy, though fully appreciated, could not be accepted. The Nashville continued at her dock.

During the night of the 9th inst. three armed men from the Tuscarora were discovered reconnoitering the Nashville, and were ordered off by the dock superintendent. The fires were lighted on the Nashville on the 10th, and it was the impression that she was about to sail, but she made no movement. The Tuscarora was on the alert with her steam up.

The Paris Moniteur denounces the stone blockade, but the pacific solution of the Trent case gives great satisfaction in French official circles.

The United States consul at Cadiz had received orders to protest against the admission of the Sumter. It is said that Spain will protect the prisoners brought by the Sumter.

A violent shock of earthquake had occurred, extending from Dresden to Leipsic.

The Dutch ministry has resigned.

Russia is said to have notified the Pope that if he does not condemn the conduct of the Popish clergy she will recognize the kingdom of Italy. The Journal of St. Petersburg, after congratulating us on our Trent policy, demands that the case may be made the starting point of negotiations for the recognition by the Powers of the common principles in reference to neutral rights. It also expects that England will give the world solemn guarantees for the future.

It is stated that the term of enlistment of the whole rebel force encamped at Centreville, which is estimated at sixty thousand men, will expire on the first of February next. This information is derived from deserters.

☞ An old lady had so much housework to do one morning, that she didn't know where to begin, and so sat down and went to knitting.

THE JEWISH PILGRIM.

[The following lines, whether the production of Jew or Gentile, are such as might be supposed to be elicited from one of the "wandering race" standing on "Zion's holy hill," and viewing the ancient heritage of the chosen people:]

Are these the ancient holy hills
Where angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory not yet cold?
For I have passed by many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea;
But still, oh, promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright as they have been
When Israel's home was there;
Tho' o'er thee sword and time have passed,
And cross and crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath pressed,
Oh, thou art still our own.

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stain'd the polar snow,
And quench'd the desert sand;
And thine the home for hearts that turn
From all earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones have fallen and nations gone
Before the march of time,
And where the ocean rolled alone
Are forests in their prime,
Since Gentile ploughshares marr'd the brow
Of Zion's holy hill;
Where are the Roman eagles now?
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain
A pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope hath been,
But it shall come at last.
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from a prophet's urn,
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return.

Oh, lost and loved Jerusalem,
Thy pilgrim may not stay
To see the glad earth's harvest home
In thy redeeming day.
But now resigned in faith and trust,
I seek a nameless tomb;
At least beneath thy hallowed dust,
Oh, give the wanderer room.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER V.

Our new life at the Grange—so they called our house—was very still and unchanging. All the day long, my lady lay upon her sofa by the window, or, in sunny weather, sat under the old cedar-tree, while I worked and arranged, thinking and wishing for one thing only—her comfort and relief. We heard little of what went on in the world beyond our gate. I knew, indeed, that Mr. Ravensbourne came to the Hall a few weeks after we left it; but it was some time before I saw him, for I rarely left my lady even to go to the village, and he never came to our house. One day, however, to my surprise, she said to me: "I should like to see Jasper Ravensbourne." So he was sent for, and he came. He was very much altered since I had last seen him, and altered for the worse. That lowering look had deepened in his face; the lips were pale and compressed; and though his manner was less surly, yet I liked him no better than of old. I think he was startled when he saw my lady. When they last parted, she had been radiant with beauty and joy; now, as he looked at the wasted form before him, his cheek grew pale, and he leaned against a chair for support. He said very little; and except for the shrinking look with which he watched my lady, there was no pity or gentleness about him. When he rose to go, my lady said, looking wistfully at him: "You had a brother and a little nephew once, Jasper; for their sakes, you must let me care for you." But he only drew his hand from hers, and without a word, turned away, and never came again.

In the village he won no love, for he shut himself up, except when some of his foreign friends came over to hunt and shoot with him; and though he gave away money plentifully, he never heeded who had it.

Up at the Hall, everything was changed. He had fitted up the rooms afresh, and had cut down trees in the park to raise money for the furnishing. It went to my heart to see the loads of timber going through the village, and to remember how the old squire never would have a tree touched. The servants had nearly all left; all the stablemen, and among them my only enemy Foster, and most of the women; but Mrs. Weston was still there—not in the house, though, but lodge-keeper at the gate, and she had her little girl now living at home with her. It used to try me to see her standing at the gate; for my lady had always said in old times that I must live there when I was past service; and the sight of her always reminded me how things had changed. I believe she had the place as a reward for remaining at the Hall; for Mr. Ravensbourne had been very vexed at so many leaving. In spite of her good fortune, she looked as low-spirited and nervous as ever; and did not seem to find much comfort in her child, fond though she was of her.

I was standing at our parlor-window one day watching Sally Weston, a nice bright-faced little girl, running merrily along to school with her work-bag in her hand, and wondering how the child kept up her spirits with such a sad mother, when suddenly she jumped from the raised footpath to cross the road, just as a cart came rattling down the hill; and whether she lost her balance in the jump, or was startled at the driver's shout, I don't know, but down she fell, and the wheel passed over her. I cried out; and my lady started up; and before I had time to think, we were both in the road beside the little girl. She was not insensible, though seemingly a good deal hurt and frightened; and as others gathered round, something was said about carrying her to the doctor's.

My lady spoke: "My house is nearer; bring her there."

So they carried her in, and laid her on the sofa, while some one fetched the doctor, and my lady sat by her, striving to soothe her fright. It was she who first remembered to send for the mother, and it seemed as if pity and anxiety had given her for the time new strength. The injury proved but slight; and when the mother came in with a white face, and bending over her, asked tremblingly if she was much hurt, the little thing was able to smile up in her face; and Mrs. Weston turned to my lady with low but earnest thanks. "Isn't she kind?" I heard the child whisper; but her mother only kissed her, and hid her face in the pillow.

"There's not much the matter, I trust," my lady said gently; "but it is a pity to disturb her; let her stay here to-night, and go home to-morrow."

But of this Mrs. Weston would not hear. In vain we reminded her that the drive was a long one. She seemed now, that her alarm was stilled, only anxious to get the child away, and insisted on returning at once; and half an hour later they were off in a borrowed cart.

I have said that there was little change in our life; but now, as the months rolled on, I began to fancy that there was a change which it chilled my blood to think about, for I thought my lady was dying. Little by little, she had grown weaker and thinner; and though my fears sometimes left me for a time, they ever came back. She was very patient, very tranquil now; happier, too, I thought, as though she felt she would soon be with her boy. She lay for hours sometimes reading a few words, but more often musing, and ever in her hand, or on her lap, a sketch, made long ago, of a baby-face with laughing blue eyes and flaxen curls. I was not the only one who noticed the change: Jessie saw it; and Mr. Harrington, too, when he came down from time to time. No one else ever came. My lady had been an only child, and her parents had long since died, so she was almost alone in the world, and there would be few of her own kin to grieve over her death. But to me the fear was too terrible for words, for she was all the world to me. My own people had died, and been scattered over the world; and though I had sorrowed for each, I had always turned to her, and been comforted. I was fifty now, and ever since my girlhood, I had lived among the Ravensbournes, and loved them; and of all the Ravensbournes, she was the dearest and the best.

CHAPTER VI.

After this change became clear to me, I never left my lady when I could help it; and it was with much doubt that I made up my mind one summer evening, about nine months after little Sally's accident, to go to Mrs. Weston's on the morrow about some needlework which I wanted her to undertake for me. She no longer lived at the lodge; for some reason—I did not know what—she had moved to a lonely cottage, quite on the other side of the park, and little Sally had left off coming to the Ravensbourne school.

I was sitting that night in my lady's room, my work in my hand, and listening anxiously to her restless movements. It was growing late, but yet I could not bear to leave her, for this evening I had thought her feebler than usual. Long I listened, and then leaned back in my chair, thinking over the years we had spent together, until, tired and exhausted by the heat, I fell asleep. I must have slept some hours, for when I woke, my lady's watch pointed to four o'clock. I went softly to the open window; a faint gleam of light was in the sky, and a cool breeze blew upon my brow. I stood a few minutes enjoying it, and was just about to draw the curtain, and go to my own room, when a sound below startled me, and looking down into the garden I saw standing close by the gate a figure gazing intently at the house. My heart gave a bound of terror, for we were three lonely women; but as the person came softly forward, I saw that there was no cause for fear, though much for wonder, for it was a child who crept silently towards the door. Quietly crossing the room, I stole down stairs, opened the door, though cautiously, for I thought there might be others concealed, and called: "Who's there?"

There was a minute's silence, then a quivering voice answered: "Please, ma'am, it's me—Sally Weston;" and as she spoke, the child came close up to me, and I saw that it was indeed Mrs. Weston's daughter.

The poor little thing was trembling with fright, and sobbing bitterly. Fearing that she would rouse my lady, I drew her in hastily, fastened the door, and then leading her to the kitchen, asked why she came.

It was some time before she could falter out: "Oh, ma'am, mother's so ill; she says she's dying; and she would not let me fetch any one but you. She made me come to you, though it was all dark, and I was so frightened; and she wants you to go to her, and she is all alone."

There came over me a strange feeling that I must go at once, spite of the hour, my lady, and everything. I could not think calmly, for the impulse was too strong, and I hastily wrapped a cloak round me, and fastened on an old bonnet which hung in the kitchen. Then I paused to think. My lady would probably not need me for some hours; Jessie was fast asleep. At first, I thought of rousing her; but my expedition seemed so strange, that I was not very willing to speak of it, and I might perhaps be back before she came down stairs; if not, I could explain when I returned; and so I set out, locking the door, and carrying off the key. Together, the child and I went silently down the road till we came to the lodge-gate, and I was just about to turn into the park, when she stopped me with her hand on my arm:

"Mother said I wasn't to let any one see you; so we'll come this way, please;" and she pointed up a lane running just outside the park palling. A feeling of fear again came over me for a minute as I wondered at this mystery, and whether any harm could be meant me; but a second thought made me ashamed of my cowardice, and I steadily followed my little guide, till at length crossing a stile, we turned into the park just within sight of the low-thatched cottage, and passing through the plantation, came out on to the open ground. The dew lay thick upon the grass, and beside ourselves, there was no living creature stirring within sight. Our walk had been a long one, and we had met no one. Now the child's pace quickened, and my heart beat fast as we reached the door, for now that I was there, the recollection of all Mrs. Weston's odd ways crowded on my mind. The girl hurriedly unlocked the door, whispered me to follow, and ran up the creaking stairs into the room where I had once before been. The sick woman lay with her pallid face turned to the door, and as I entered, she exclaimed: "I thought you would come too late. I thought I should die without seeing you." Every feature was quivering with excitement; but as the child flung herself sobbing on the bed, the mother's voice softened; "Nay, Sally, don't cry. I told you it must come soon, and you've been a good girl to me, far better than I deserved; so kiss me now, dear, and go down, for I must speak to Hannah Pearce alone." The little girl still lingered, till I promised to call her if her mother grew worse, and then she slowly went. Mrs. Weston did not speak at once, but lay with one hand pressed to her forehead, the other clutching the bedclothes for some minutes, then she said feebly: "I've been ill very long. I knew the end was coming, but this is sudden. Pain and trouble, pain and trouble have brought me to it," she repeated. There was another pause, then her lips moved, and she broke out: "Never mind me; I have so much to tell you, and my head is so confused; they made me keep it, but I dare not go to my grave with that on my mind. Did any one see you come?" she continued, suddenly. I told her not a soul had been about; that it was still very early. "Ah," she said, "if Mr. Ravensbourne only knew, he would have killed you before he would have let you come to me. He made me live here, to be out of your way, and he threatened dreadful things then if I ever saw you; ah me!"

I was wondering in my mind what it could signify to Mr. Ravensbourne, when she went on: "When your lady was so kind to my Sally, she little thought what I had done to her." "To her?" I exclaimed. "Yes," she said solemnly, "she never knew what became of Master Gerald, but I knew only too well." A sick horror came over me, and for a minute I could neither speak nor move. At last I gasped out: "Was it you who took him away?" and she slowly answered "Yes." I struggled and labored for breath, and got out the words: "Is he alive?" and her answer came: "He *is* alive." It was too much; I sank down beside the bed, and for some minutes I seemed to know nothing.

CHAPTER VII.

I did not faint; though for a time my brain whirled, and my senses seemed going, yet through all I had one feeling—that each moment was more precious than gold, and this brought thought and speech back to me. I lifted up my head, and passionately bade her tell me all. There was a moment's silence, which I could scarcely bear, and then she began:

"You remember when I came to Ravensbourne, and said I was a widow and a dressmaker. Both were lies; for I had never been a dressmaker, and my husband was then living at Ravensbourne, and his name was Foster. You start; wait to hear all, and then say if you can pity me. Wicked as I am, if it had not been for that man, ill might never have happened, for I was innocent and happy in the days when I was a young farm-servant down in the west; but I married him, and then my misery began. Yet I bore all patiently for the sake of my two children, till he left me, and took service as a gentleman's valet, and went off to France with him. I did not know it till afterwards; and there was I left in England, penniless, with my little babies to keep. I worked early and late for them, but I could earn little; and very soon I heard them wail for bread, which I could not give them. My heart was nearly breaking, when a neighbor offered to take the children for a year, while I went to earn a living in service, and, if possible, to find my husband. She was a hard, rough woman, and asked large payments out of my wages; but what could I do? So I left my precious children with her, and easily found a place as maid to a lady just going to Paris. I told her my story, and she was very kind in helping me; and at last, after long seeking, I found my husband. He had left his first master, and was now with an English gentleman living in Paris. He was very angry with me for following him abroad, and swore that he would help neither me nor the children. Still I stayed, hoping he might soften, though I seldom managed to see him; and at last, when I had been there about five months, it seemed as if my hopes had come to pass, for he came to me, and told me kindly that he wanted me to leave my mistress, and engage myself to his master. How light my poor heart grew; and though my mistress distrusted my husband, and warned me, yet I went with him gladly.

"Well, I saw my new master, Mr. Ravensbourne, and he took me at once, and for three days all went on quietly; and then I spoke again to my husband, and begged and prayed him with many tears to come back to England with me. He said little at the time; but the next day, when I was busy with my work, my master sent for me, and when I went to his study, my husband was with him. They were talking together, but stopped as I came in, and I stood silent and frightened, I don't know why. My master had seemed stern and hard when first I saw him, but I thought him more so now, as he told me in a harsh voice that he knew my wishes, and would engage that my husband should agree to them if I in return would promise to do something for him. I listened with a fresh hope in my heart, and answered that I would do anything, if only my husband would come home with me to our children. Mr. Ravensbourne looked at him, and then my husband came up to me and said that he would do what I pleased if I obeyed Mr. Ravensbourne. I saw there was something still to be told, though I little dreamed what it was, and again I earnestly promised to do my utmost. Then Mr. Ravensbourne walked to the door, bolted it, and coming up to me, said that I must first take an oath that, whether or no I did his will, I would never reveal it to living man; and oh, I took that dreadful oath, and now I am breaking it.

"I can't tell you how he then told me the wicked deed he had planned—that I should steal a little child from his home. I refused with horror, in spite of my husband's passion and Mr. Ravensbourne's cold anger. Then they tried another plan; they reminded me of my children, and held out fair promises of a home and money to feed and clothe them; and Mr. Ravensbourne told me that the boy would be safe and well cared for, and that all he wanted was to get possession of Ravensbourne, and he bade me decide whether some one else should be chosen to carry him off, and I still live on in wretchedness, away from my children, or whether I would do this, and have them with me. Then I yielded with bitter grief and shame; and Mr. Ravensbourne told me I should be well rewarded; but looking darkly at me, added: 'But if you fail me now, you shall suffer for it bitterly through *your* children.' Oh, the miserable days that followed! I dared not draw back, for his fierce words made me tremble for my own boy and girl, over whom I knew he could have power through my husband, and yet the thought of the deed to be done was with me day and night. Gradually I got used to it. Sorrow had hardened me; and the remembrance of how little any one had cared when my children were starving, made me harder still. At the end of three weeks, I came back to England, and there I found my darling boy dying. I do not know that he had been ill-treated; but it was the last drop in my cup; and I went down to Ravensbourne, longing to do my work, and have my child with me, for I was well-nigh desperate at leaving him. I was to set up as a dressmaker in the village till I could get a place at the house; and I was still there when my husband got engaged as groom. Two months after, I came; but my heart smote me afresh when I saw that gentle lady and her child; and I could never bear to look at them afterwards. I think if my husband had not been there, I should have given up my place, but I feared him so. Well, at last he told me it must be done at once, lest the old squire should die first, and there might have been suspicion. He would not tell me where he meant to take the child; but he swore that he was not going to harm it, and added, laughing, that neither Mr. Ravensbourne nor he had any notion of risking their necks in the matter. He had asked for a holiday for that day, and meant to hire a cart at Hillborough under pretence of driving to York and back, and then come and wait outside in the darkness for me to bring the boy to him; and now, how was the child to be got out of the house? When it came to that, my husband looked at me, and said: 'You are clever enough; you can plan it if you choose, and to-night you must choose; so now go, and let me know within an hour exactly when I am to wait.' We had been talking in an outhouse; and I went slowly in, feeling that the hour had come. My husband was right; I had wit enough to find means, though hardly wickedness to use them; and even as I walked a way came into my head. I stopped a little, but remembered my sick boy, and that some one else would do it if I did not; and turning back, bade my husband be at the laundry-door at nine o'clock.

"That afternoon, when I came to your room, I had heard Master Gerald crying to go to the water, and that first put it into my head to pretend that he had drowned himself. The evening came, and I stayed in my lady's room, filling the large wicker-baskets with clothes. I heard her go to the nursery and call you, and then she went down, and the nurse came and went again. Now was my time; no one was likely to come up again just then, and I knew the servants were at supper. I listened at the door; all was quiet, and catching up my baskets, I hurried into the nursery. The child slept soundly, and hardly stirred as I lifted him from his crib, and laid him down in the basket among the clothes. Then I threw some more over him, and with desperate strength lifted the basket, and carried it off to the laundry. As I put my burden down, the latch of this door was lifted, and my husband looked in. I pointed to the basket, and he stepped up to it, and tossed off the clothes—The child was roused, and turned partly round, but in an instant my husband had caught him up, pressed him so close against his shoulder that he could neither struggle nor scream, and carried him away. I could bear no more, and catching up the little scarlet cloak which I had brought on purpose, I fled back, and threw it blindly into the stream, and as I did so, I heard the faint rattle of the wheels as the cart drove off. Then I remembered that the light was still burning in the laundry, and running back, I turned all the clothes on to the shelf, put out the lantern, locked the door, and returned to the house. It seemed as if a wild courage had come to me, for I went calmly in to supper, and talked and laughed as though nothing had happened, till I saw *her*, and then, then I felt the agony that has never left me since. My wickedness did not even do me the poor service I had hoped, for the very next day I heard that my boy was dead. He had died while I was selling my very soul for his sake. Ah, how often I longed to tell, but dared not, for my husband told me I could never prove it, and should only be shut up as a mad woman, since I could not tell any one where to find the child. Then Mr. Ravensbourne came to England, and gave me a house and money, and sent for Sally; and he said the same things to me when he first came, and again after Sally's accident, and twice since when he has been here, for they have always doubted me, and dared not send me away out of their sight. Ah, I used to fear to see you, lest he should know; and then the thought of that dear lady's kindness to Sally was like a dagger to me. I have only seen my husband once for three years; for Mr. Ravensbourne thought it safe that he should go, and right glad he was to be rid of me."

There was a sound down stairs, and Mrs Weston sprang up in bed. "Tell me," I said in agony, "only tell me where the child is!"

Her eyes were glazing, and her breath came short:

"He is at Stapleford, in Hampshire. They think I don't know; but it chanced that the post-boy one day gave me a letter that was meant for my husband, and I found out by that. Stay, look in you chest—in the left-hand corner there's a little box with a key in it."

I found it, and brought it to her. She lifted the lid, and within lay a worn letter. She passed it into my hand. "Take it, and find him out; and oh, forgive me, and be kind to my poor Sally."

I hastily called the child, for the woman was going fast, and did not know her. Once more she gasped: "Don't visit it on Sally;" and five minutes after, she lay a corpse in my arms. I closed the eyes which had been looking so beseechingly into mine, composed her figure, and then turned to go, for I dared not delay a moment. I could not take the poor sobbing child with me, but promised to send some one at once, and then putting the precious letter in my bosom, I hurried out of the house. On I went as fast as my feet would go, meeting no one, till just as I crossed the stile one of the keepers passed near, and gave me a good-morning. I had no voice to answer, and rushed on. At first, my mind was in such tumult that I could not think, and could scarcely feel, but gradually it grew more clear; and by the time I unlatched the garden-gate, I had decided what to do. I must go and find the child. Hampshire seemed like the Indies to me; still I knew it was near London, and I must go at once there. I dared not write or lose an hour, for Mr. Ravensbourne might hear of my visit. So I unlocked the house-door, and went straight to the kitchen, where Jessie was singing over her work. I only told her I must go at once on a journey, and begged her to ask no questions, and say nothing about it till I came back, only to take the greatest care of my lady. Then I went to my own room, counted my stock of money, made up a bundle of clothes, and last of all, knocked at my lady's door. She was awake; and standing by her bedside; I told her that I had just heard news that would force me to leave her for a few days, and I asked her to spare me at once. I saw her surprise.

"Can't you tell me about it, Hannah?" she asked.

"Not now, dear lady; some day perhaps I may, but I have no right to speak of it now; only I must make a long journey, and I have but very little money."

She pointed to the table.

"There is my purse; use it as you like; only come back soon; and kiss me before you go."

I bent over her, and for a moment I could scarcely keep back my tears, as I looked into her sweet, sad face. I had no gloomy fears for her now. She could not be going to die just when I was bringing her back her child. I would not take a cart to Hillborough, lest it should raise a talk in the village; so I walked by quiet lanes as fast as I could, only stopping as I turned out of the main street, to beg a neighbor to go to the cottage in the park, for that Mrs. Weston had been very ill the night before. The sun shone brightly as I got into Hillborough, and in an hour's time a cart was carrying me towards York, while I leaned back, trying to believe that Gerald was indeed alive, and thinking of all that had happened. It seemed months since I had slept so quietly in my lady's room, and now how much there was still to be done. I must make my way to London, find Mr. Harrington, and get him to help; but oh! if I should not be in time; and again and again I looked back to see if I was followed. Late at night, we got into York. The coach started at six o'clock in the morning, so till then I must wait; and finding a decent lodging, I tried to sleep. But it was hopeless; the thought that my lady might again be happy, that our darling was living, made me dizzy; and I paced the room, now picturing their meeting, now shuddering as I remembered Jasper Ravensbourne. His brother's words came to my mind, and I thought how little he had dreamed of such cruelty as this. At length the morning dawned, and we were off, and drawing every minute nearer to London. That day passed, and the night drew towards a close, and my mind was more at rest, for we were only forty miles from London. The twilight was drawing on, and I had closed my eyes, and leaned back to rest my aching head, when a shout from behind roused me. The coach drew to one side, a travelling-carriage with four horses dashed by, and within it sat, as I saw, in that instant, Mr. Ravensbourne. The lamp shone full on his face; our eyes met, and I saw he knew me, and the next moment they were lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The terrible despair of that moment I can never forget. To lose all when it was almost in my grasp; to feel that my journey, which had seemed so successful, was now hopeless, was more than I could bear; and sick at heart, I pressed my forehead against the window as the coach rumbled on. Ten miles more, and then it stopped, and a rough country lad handed up a folded paper, calling out that a gentleman left it with him for a gentleman in the coach. "Hannah Pearce," read out the guard, and I claimed it. Inside were these words:

"My horses travel faster than yours. It is worth than useless for you to go on, since nothing would so instantly destroy the object of your journey."

Should I take the warning? I shuddered at his threat; for I felt that now, on the brink of discovery, he would stop at nothing. Yet I could not return home without an effort, I took out the letter which I had carried in my bosom, and looked at it. It was ill-spelt and ill-written, and there was little in it beyond a demand for money for the child's keep, and at the end the signature—"Redfern"—and the address. No, I must go on there, even if I arrived too late. I longed to scream—to lash the horses, the men—anything. Yet there I sat, my hands clenched, my eyes staring out into the darkness, while the coach crept on, oh, so slowly! It was night now, and we were close on London, when in the road before us I heard shouts, and saw lights gleaming. A number of dark figures were standing round a broken carriage and fallen horse, and as we drove up, one sprang forward from the group and hailed the driver. I did not hear his words, but I knew the voice well, and with intense thankfulness I heard the answer: "No room—after time." Another instant, and we were past. For a while I trembled lest we should stop for him, but no; the lights grew dim, and we were making our way to London, leaving Jasper Ravensbourne behind. I heard one of my fellow-passengers guess that if he were in haste the traveller would mount one of the horses, and ride on. I knew he might even now be close upon us, but I could think no more—all seemed a dream to me. I remember, dimly, springing from the coach, and nothing further, till I was following a guide through noisy, crowded streets. I suppose I had given him the right address, but I don't know, for all was mist till I stood in Mr. Harrington's dining-room, and told my tale. At first, I think, he fancied me mad; but when he had looked at the letters, he sprang up. "You have done well, nobly; but now not a minute must be lost." He rang, gave his orders, and in an hour he and I were on our way again. I was utterly worn out now, past fear or hope, as I leaned back hardly able even to answer Mr. Harrington's rapid questions. The gray morning light had dawned on us, when his hand touched mine, and he said, quietly: "We are at Stapleford," and pointed to a peaceful country village that lay before us. We drew up at a roadside inn; he inquired for any person bearing the name of Redfern, and they showed us a farmhouse on the hillside. Then Mr. Harrington said he would go on alone, and left me sitting in the carriage.

My weariness was over now, and I sat up, every nerve quivering with impatience. Hours seemed to have passed over me, when I turned my head, for the sixth time, to look along the road we had travelled; and there, there on the brow of the hill was Mr. Ravensbourne's carriage. It was far off, but I knew the yellow wheels; and oh, if it should be here before we got off! The people of the house were his friends; they would never give up the boy if he resisted. I could not wait there; and bidding the postboy drive up the narrow lane towards the farmhouse, I sat straining my eyes after the distant carriage. The lane was sheltered by trees, and they could scarcely see our chaise, I knew, as yet; but they were coming on fast. What should I do? I dared not go up to the farm, lest they should suspect; but at last I heard welcome steps; there were voices, and Mr. Harrington turned the corner with another, who seemed a farmer, and between them walked the boy we had mourned for three years—taller, browner, and in different dress, but still my own little master. I dared make no sign, for the man was eyeing me with doubtful glances, while Mr. Harrington quietly helped the boy in, and pressed something into the farmer's hand. Then he gave the order to drive on, and as we turned I saw the yellow wheels for an instant through the trees. We were just off, when the man called after us with a question. Mr. Harrington answered, and the carriage stopped: then it was off again, and we were driving down the lane. I clutched Mr. Harrington's hand, and hoarsely whispered: "He is coming up the lane; we can never get past, unless we turn another way." He understood in a moment. A little further on was another lane, branching off to the right, and leading towards London. If we could only reach it in time! Mr. Harrington stood up, bade the postboy whip on his horses, and turn to the right. We reached it—we were round the corner, and galloping on; then we both looked back. The yellow carriage passed the entrance to the lane before we were out of sight, but no one looked out of it, or saw us. We were safe! and falling back in the chaise, I fainted away.

It was long before I came to myself, feeling the cool air blowing on my brow, and Mr. Harrington's voice speaking kindly. I opened my eyes in bewilderment, and there sat my darling Gerald, looking at me with wondering frightened eyes. We were near London, but we had come by by-lanes part of the way, to avoid Mr. Ravensbourne. All was safe, as Mr. Harrington assured me; and I believed him. Gradually, the child seemed to know me, and clung to me when I kissed and fondled him, looking up at me with his mother's eyes. We settled that I should go home first to prepare my lady; and after a night's rest at Mr. Harrington's, I started, and on the sixth evening after my departure, I again passed the little green gate, and oh, how happy I was! My lady gave a cry of pleasure at the sight of me, and holding out her hands, drew me to her. She asked a few

questions, but I only said that all was right, and I would tell her to-morrow; and so we parted for the night, for I could not trust myself just then to speak the joyful news.

All the next morning, I kept as much as possible away from her, lest the strange joy in my manner should reveal anything too soon. I heard from Jessie that Mr. Ravensbourne had been away, and had not yet returned; but I said nothing to her, for I did not well know how much of the story to tell; so I went about my usual work, and attended on my lady till late in the day, and then I went into the parlor with my work, and sat down by her side. It was nearly sunset, and before evening closed, they would be with us; yet I knew not how to begin without a shock, which might kill her, for now, as I looked in her face, I felt how little she could bear. The first words were from her. "Now, Hannah, tell me about your journey." I said that I had been called to see one whom I had never hoped to meet again. It had been a great joy, a great surprise; and I went on to say how startling even a glad surprise sometimes was—how much better it would be if we were prepared for anything. She answered me quietly, and I saw that my words did not come home to her, and I was troubled. Then I tried afresh, saying that a little surprise was waiting her, as Mr. Harrington would be with her that evening. I had met him in town, and he wanted to see her on business. She answered that she should be glad, for he was always kind. "Indeed he is," I said; "and he has grieved sorely for you. He was speaking to me yesterday," I pursued, trying to check the trembling of my voice, "and he said how strange it was that nothing had ever been found. He said it sometimes gave him hope."

My lady's hand was on my arm instantly, and she whispered hoarsely: "Hannah, how can you talk of hope? Do you forget my anguish because I bear it silently? How can you be so cruel?" And leaning forward, she covered her face with her hands. My eye fell on the clock; it pointed to seven; in ten minutes they would be here; yet she was the first to speak. "Forgive me, Hannah; but you don't know what terrible suffering it is. I have tried to be resigned, but I *cannot* speak of hope."

"Dear madam," I said, "I would not speak of it without cause—but such strange things happen: the lost come home, and the dead are found alive."

There was a sound of coming wheels, and my heart beat like a hammer. My lady looked at me with a strange light in her blue eyes. "Hannah," and her voice was almost fierce, "you know something—you have heard of my child."

The wheels came nearer, then stopped, and bending over her, I said: "I do know. He is not drowned—he is alive and well." I looked up; two figures stood in the doorway. "He is here, dear lady; speak to him."

With a wild cry, she started to her feet, and that same minute Mr. Harrington put the boy into her arms. There was a dead silence, and when she lifted her face, it was almost ghastly. "Where am I?" she asked slowly. "Is he alive? Am I alive? Say it again," she repeated, as we told her; and then she stooped over him with passionate kisses and hungry looks at the bright boy-face. Suddenly she tottered. "How was it? Tell me! Oh, I am dying;" and as I threw my arm round her, she fell almost senseless against me.

I laid her on the sofa, bathed her temples, and then as life came slowly back to her, I whispered to Mr. Harrington that it would be best to leave her alone with her boy. So we two crept away, and left him sitting close by her side. His cousin had told him much, and his blue eyes were full of pity and softness as he watched her. We went and sat on the stairs, listening anxiously, but all was quiet, and after a while I went to the door and looked in. My lady lay, with a radiant smile on her white face, listening to the child's low talk, and never turning her eyes from him, and I left them again. When I came to look the second time, the boy had fallen asleep, with his head across her arm, and she was watching him, her eyes bright with excitement. I dared not disturb her, and yet I feared, I feared. Once more I peeped in, and this time her head had fallen back on the pillow, and she slept calmly, with a half-smile upon her placid face. So we left them together all that night; and the next morning, pale though she was, there was a smile upon her lip and a sparkle in her eye which I had not seen for many a day. That morning, a letter was brought me; I opened it, and read:

"You have triumphed at last, but I have had a long revenge for old insults and injuries. I shall not return to Ravensbourne. You will hear of me no more. J. R."

When I showed this to my lady, she only said that she was happy, and forgave him, now that she had her boy again. In a few weeks, we all went back to Ravensbourne. For the sake of the family honor, my lady wished that little should be told, and nothing was ever known certainly in the village but that the boy whom we had thought drowned, had been found alive and far away from home. For fourteen happy years we lived at Ravensbourne, and then my dear lady died in her own home, and with her son beside her. After that, I came to live at the lodge, for Mr. Gerald said I must never work again, and he always comes once a week to see me when he's at Ravensbourne. Sally Weston came with me. She had always lived at the Hall in my lady's care till her death; and she was very fond of us both.—Before her, we never spoke of old times.

I suppose it must have been eight years since we went back to Ravensbourne, that a letter came in a strange handwriting from America. It was written by a backwoodsman, to say that one who had worked as his comrade was lately dead, and that an old pencil had been found on him bearing the name of Jasper Ravensbourne, Ravensbourne Park. No one had known anything of him, so they wrote to Ravensbourne; and this was the last we ever heard of him.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JUDGMENT.

The sun had disappeared on the horizon; shadows had assumed the place of light; the darkness falling from the sky had covered the forest with an impenetrable brown shroud. The Gambusinos lighted branches of *ocote*, and then the clearing, in which the events we are describing took place, was fantastically lighted by torches, whose flickering ensanguined glare played on the trees and the persons collected under their dense foliage, and gave the whole scene a strange and sinister stamp.

Don Miguel, after looking around to demand attention, began speaking:—

"As you have found that portfolio," he said, "I have nothing more to tell you. It was really your brother who committed the fearful crime with which you charge him. Fortunately, his object could not be completely attained. Your wife is dead, it is true, Don Mariano; but your daughter still lives. She is in safety, and it was I who was fortunate enough to tear her from her tortures, and from that *In pace* in which she was thrust alive. I will restore your daughter to you, Don Mariano, pure and uncontaminated as when I took her from her tomb."

Don Mariano, so fierce in grief, was unable to bear joy. The commotion the news produced was so violent, that he rolled unconsciously on the ground. Clasping his hands fervently with a last effort to thank Heaven for having granted him so much joy, after visiting him with so much suffering. The gentleman's servants, aided by several Gambusinos, hastened round him, and paid him all the attention his condition demanded.

Don Miguel allowed time for the emotion produced by Don Mariano's fall to calm, and then made a sign for silence.

"It is now our turn, Don Estevan," he said. "Furious at seeing one of your victims escape you, you did not fear to pursue her even to this spot. Knowing that it was I who saved her, you laid a snare for me, in which you hoped I should perish. The hour has arrived to settle our accounts."

On seeing that he no longer had his brother as his adversary, Don Estevan regained all his boldness and impudence. At this address he drew himself up coldly, and fixed a sarcastic glance on the young man.

"Oh! oh!" he said, ironically; "my good gentleman, you would not be sorry to assassinate me, eh? so as to make me hold my tongue. Do you fancy me the dupe of the fine sentiments you utter so complacently? Yes, you saved my niece, that is true; and I should thank you for it, did I not know you so thoroughly."

At these singular words, his hearers made a movement of surprise, which did not escape Don Estevan's notice. Satisfied with the effect he found he had produced, he went on.

The scoundrel had judged the question at the first glance. Unable completely to exonerate himself, he resolved to turn the difficulty, which he expected to do the more easily, because the only person capable of contradicting him was unable to hear him and put matters in the right light. He assumed a placid countenance, and said, with affected honesty:—

"Good heavens! not one of us is infallible. Who does not commit an error, at least once in his life? Far from me be the thought of lessening the opprobrium of the deed I am accused of. Yes, I broke my pledged faith; I deceived my brother, the man to whom I owed all. You see, Caballeros, that I do not attempt to exculpate myself; but between that fault and the committal of a crime there is a vast difference, and, thanks to Heaven, I connot be accused of an assassination; and I throw back the responsibility of this shameful deed on the right person."

"Who is that man?" Don Miguel asked, involuntarily astonished and terrified by the fellow's cunning.

"Oh," he said, with imperturbable coolness, "I will throw the responsibility on those too zealous people who ever understand much more than they should understand, and who, either through covetousness or some other motive, always go further than they ought. I confess that I certainly desired to get hold of my brother's fortune; but I intended to do so legally."

The Gambusinos, all scoundrels gifted with a marvellously elastic conscience, which naturally rendered them very unscrupulous as to deeds more or less reprehensible, were, however, terrified on hearing such a theory. They asked each other, in a low voice, with the simple credulity of semi-savages, if the man before them, who spoke thus, were really their fellow-being, or whether the Evil Spirit had not assumed this shape in order to deceive them?

"Understand me clearly, Caballeros," Don Estevan continued, in a voice growing, every moment, firmer, "the Mother Superior of the Bernardines is my relative, and has an unbounded affection for me. When I let her see through my plans, she urged me to persevere, assuring me that she knew an infallible means to make my project succeed. I believed her words the more easily, because these means were very simple, and consisted in compelling my niece to take the veil. I looked no further, I swear to you. Poor child, I loved her too dearly to desire her death! All went on as I desired, though I in no way interfered; my sister-in-law died; that death seemed to me perfectly natural, after the numberless sorrows that had overpowered her. I am accused of having poisoned her. It is false! Perhaps she was so; I will not affirm the contrary; but in that case my relative must be accused of the crime, whose object it was, evidently, to bring the fortune I coveted nearer to my grasp. I wrote at once to my brother, telling him of this death, which really grieved me; but he did not receive the letter. I see nothing astonishing in that; because he was continually going from town to town, as his fancy led him. I frequently went to the convent to visit my niece; she seemed to me determined to take the veil. The Mother Superior, for her part, incessantly told me not to trouble myself about anything; hence I let matters go on without any interference on my part. On the day my niece was to take the veil, I went to the convent; then, something unusual and scandalous occurred. At the moment of professing, the girl refused distinctly to become a nun, and I retired in despair at this misadventure. In the evening, a nun came to my house and told me that my niece, after a very violent scene with the Mother Superior, had been attacked by conjestion of the brain and died suddenly. This news caused me considerable grief. All night I walked about my room, deploring the irreparable misfortune which overwhelmed my unhappy brother. On reflection, a suspicion sprung up in my mind. This death appeared to me peculiar, and I dreaded a crime. In order to clear up my doubts, I hurried to the convent at daybreak; there a fresh surprise awaited me. The community were upset—terror was visible on every face. During the night a band of armed men entered the convent; my niece was torn from her tomb and carried off by these men, who, at the same time, took away a young novice. Then, convinced that I was not deceived, and that a crime had been committed, I shut myself up with the Mother Superior in her cell, and, by menaces and entreaties, succeeded in dragging the truth from her. My horror was extreme on learning that my unfortunate niece had really been interred alive. One thing was left me to do; one duty to fulfil. I must discover traces of her, rescue her, and restore her to her father's arms. I did not hesitate, but set out two days later. That is the entire truth; my conduct has been reprehensible, even culpable; but, I swear it, it has not been criminal."

The audience had listened to this daring justification with icy silence. When Don Estevan stopped speaking, not a sign of approval gave him a hope of having convinced his hearers.

"Supposing—though I do not admit it, for there are too many proofs to the contrary—that what you assert be true," Don Miguel answered him, "for what reason did you wish to assassinate me, when I had saved her whom you wished to restore to her father's arms?"

"Do you not understand that?" Don Estevan exclaimed, in feigned surprise. "Must I tell you everything?"

"Yes, everything," the young man answered, coldly.

"Well, yes, I did wish to assassinate you, because, at the Presidio de Tubar, I was assured that you had only carried off my niece for your own evil purpose. I wished to avenge on you the outrage I believed that you had done her."

Don Miguel turned pale at this insult.

"Villain!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder, "do you dare to utter such an atrocious calumny?"

The auditors had started in horror at Don Estevan's words, and, feeling himself conquered, in spite of all his audacity, he was compelled to bow his head beneath the weight of the general reprobation.

Marksman then rose.

"Caballeros," he said, "you have heard the accusation brought against this man by his brother. During the whole time that accusation lasted, you remarked his countenance; now you have heard his defence. We have allowed him to say what he pleased, without trying to interrupt or intimidate him; the hour has now arrived to pronounce judgment. It is always a serious thing to condemn a man, even the worst of malefactors. Lynch law, you know as well as I, admits no compromises; it kills or it acquits. Although chosen to try this man, we will not alone assume the responsibility of the act. Reflect, then, seriously before answering the questions I shall address to you, and, before all, remember that on your answer depends the life or death of this wretched man. Caballeros, on your soul and conscience, is this man guilty?"

There was a moment of supreme silence; all the faces were grave, all hearts beat forcibly.

Don Estevan, with frowning brow, pale face, but firm look—for he was brave—waited, a prey to an anxiety which he could only conceal by the firmness of his will.

Marksman, after waiting several minutes, went on in a slow and solemn voice,—

"Caballeros, is this man guilty?"

"Yes!" all exclaimed, unanimously.

At this moment, Don Mariano, through the care of his servants, was beginning to give signs of life, precursors of his return to consciousness. Brighteye bent over to Marksman.

"Is it right?" he whispered, "that Don Mariano should be present at his brother's condemnation?"

"Certainly not," the old hunter said, quickly; "the more so, as now that the first outbreak of wrath has passed, he would probably intercede in his favor. But how shall we get him away?"

"I'll manage that, and take him to the Gambusinos' camp."

"Make haste!"

Brighteye rose, and walked to Bermudez, in whose ear he whispered a few words; then the two servants, taking their master under the arms, disappeared with him in the thickets, followed by the hunter and Eglantine, to whom the Canadian had made a sign to come. In the state of agitation and excitement the Gambusinos were in, no one noticed this departure, and not even the sound of several horses going away was heard.

Don Estevan alone noticed this removal, the purpose of which he understood.

"I am lost!" he muttered.

Marksman made a sign, and silence was restored, as if by enchantment.

"What penalty does the culprit deserve?" he asked.

"Death!" the audience replied, like a funeral echo.

Then, turning to the condemned man, Marksman continued,—

"Don Estevan de Real del Monte, you, who came into the desert with criminal intentions, have fallen beneath the stroke of Lynch law; it is the law of God; eye for eye, tooth for tooth; it admits of only one punishment, that of retaliation; it is the primitive law of old times restored to humanity. You condemned a hapless maiden to be buried alive, and perish of hunger. You will also be buried alive, to die of hunger; but as you might long call on death ere it came to your aid, we will give you the means to put an end to your sufferings when the courage to endure them longer fails you. We are more merciful than you were to your unhappy victim; for you will be only interred up to the arm-pits, your left arm will remain at liberty, and we will place within your reach a pistol, with which you can blow out your brains when you have suffered sufficiently. I have spoken. Is this sentence just?" he added, addressing his audience.

"Yes," they said, in a low and concentrated voice. "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth!"

Don Estevan had listened, with horror, to the old hunter's words; the fearful punishment to which he was condemned had struck him with stupor; for though he expected death, that prepared for him seemed so frightful, that, at first, he could not believe it; still, when he saw at a sign from Marksman two Gambusinos set to work digging a hole, his hair stood upright with terror, an icy perspiration beaded on his temples, and he cried, in a hoarse voice, as he clasped his hands,—

"Oh, not that atrocious death, I implore you; kill me at once!"

"You are condemned, and must endure your punishment, such as it was pronounced," the old hunter answered.

LYNCH LAW IN THE PRAIRIES.

"Oh, give me the pistol you promised me, that I may blow out my brains on the spot. You will be avenged."

"We are not taking vengeance; the pistol will be left you when we depart."

"Oh, you are implacable!" he said, as he fell to the ground, where he writhed in impotent rage.

"We are just," Marksman merely answered.

Don Estevan, having arrived at the height of fury, leaped up suddenly, and, bounding like a jaguar, rushed, head down, against a tree, with the intention of dashing out his brains. But the Gambusinos watched his movements too closely to let him carry out his desperate resolve; they seized, and, despite his obstinate resistance and wild ravings, they bound him, and rendered it impossible for him to make a movement.

His wrath then changed to despair.

"Oh!" he shouted, "were my brother here he would save me. Oh, heavens! Mariano, help me, help me!"

Marksman walked up to him.

"You are about to be placed in your grave," he said to him. "Have you any final arrangements to make?"

"Then this horrible punishment is true?" he said, wildly.

"It is true."

"You must be wild beasts, then."

"We are your judges."

"Oh, let me live, be it only for a day!"

"You are condemned."

"Malediction on you, demons with human faces! Assassins, who gives you the right to kill me?"

"By the right every man possesses to crush a serpent. For the last time, have you any arrangements to make?"

Don Estevan, crushed by this fearful contest, kept silence for an instant; then two tears slowly dropped from his fever-burned eyes, and he murmured, in a gentle, almost child-like voice,—

"Oh, my sons, my poor darlings! what will become of you when I am no longer here?"

"Make haste," the hunter said.

Don Estevan fixed a haggard eye upon him.

"I have two sons," he said speaking as in a dream; "they have only me left, alas! and I am about to die! Listen, if you are not utterly a wild beast. Swear to perform what I ask of you!"

The hunter felt moved by this poignant grief.

"I swear it," he said.

The condemned seemed to be collecting his ideas.

"Paper and pencil," he said.

Marksman still held, the portfolio; he tore a leaf from it, and gave it him, with the pencil.

Don Estevan smiled bitterly at the sight of his portfolio. He clutched the paper, and hurriedly wrote a few lines, which he gave to the hunter. An extraordinary change had taken place in the prisoner's face; his features were calm, his glance gentle and suppliant.

"Here," he said, "I count on your word. Take this letter; it is for my brother. I recommend my children to him; it is for their sake I am dying. No matter! if they are happy, I shall have attained my object—that is all I want. My brother is good; he will not abandon the unhappy orphans I leave as a heritage to him. I implore you, give him that paper."

"Within an hour it shall be in his hands; I swear it!"

"Thanks. Now do with me what you please; I care little. I have insured the welfare of my children; that was all I wished for."

The hole had been dug. Two Gambusinos seized Don Estevan, and lowered him into it. When he was standing upright in the hole, the ground was just on a level with his armpits; his right arm was fastened along his side, the other left free. Then the earth was piled up around this living man, who was already scarcely more than a corpse.

When the hole was filled up, a Gambusino approached the condemned man with a scarf.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, in terror, though he guessed the man's purpose.

"To gag you," the Gambusino said, brutally.

"Oh!" he remarked.

He allowed himself to be gagged, without resistance; and was, indeed, hardly conscious of what was being done with him. Marksman then placed a pistol under the wretch's quivering hand, and took off his hat.

"Don Estevan," he said, in a grave and solemn voice, "men have condemned you. Pray to God that He may be merciful to you, for you have no hope but in Him."

The hunters and Gambusinos then remounted their horses, extinguished the torches and disappeared in the darkness like a legion of black phantoms.

The culprit was left alone in the gloom, which his remorse peopled with hideous spectres.

With neck stretched out, eyes widely dilated, and ears on the watch, he looked and listened.

So long as he heard the echo of the horses' footfalls in the distance, a wild hope still filled his soul; he waited—he expected.

What did he await—what expect? He could not have said himself; but man is so constituted.

Gradually every sound died out, and Don Estevan at length found himself alone, in the heart of an unknown desert, with no hope of help from any one.

Then he uttered a profound sigh, closed his hand on the pistol, and placed the icy muzzle against his temple, muttering for the last time the name of his children.

* * * * * *

In the meantime the Gambusinos withdrew, a prey to that feeling of undefinable uneasiness which involuntarily contracts the heart of every man, when he has accomplished an act in which he knows that he had, perhaps, no right to take the initiative—even when recognizing its necessity and even strict justice.

No one spoke; all heads were bowed.—They rode along, gloomy and thoughtful, by each other's side, not daring to interchange their reflections, and listening to the mysterious sounds of the solitude.

They had just reached the last limits of the forest covert; before them the waters of the Rubio glistened like a long silver ribbon in the pale moonlight. They had gained the ford, when suddenly the distant explosion of a fire-arm resounded hoarsely, driven back by the echoes of the Quebradas.

Instinctively these men, for all they were so brave and well-tried, shuddered, and stopped with a movement of stupor—almost of terror.

There was a minute of ghostly silence.

Marksman understood that he must break the gloomy dream which weighed like remorse on all these men. Hence, masking with some difficulty the emotion that almost choked him, he said, in a grave voice—

"Brothers! the vengeance of the desert is satisfied. The scoundrel we condemned has at length done justice on himself."

There is in the human voice a strange and incomprehensible power. The few words uttered by the Scout sufficed to restore to all these men their pristine energy.

"May Heaven be merciful to him!" Don Miguel responded.

"Amen!" the Gambusinos said, crossing themselves piously.

From this moment the heavy weight that oppressed them was removed; the culprit was dead. The unpleasant logic of an accomplished fact once again justified lynch law, and at the same time stifled regret and remorse, by putting an end to the cruel uncertainty which had hitherto oppressed them.

Don Stefano once dead, the girl he had so pitilessly pursued was saved, in the eyes of these iron-hearted men: this reason alone was sufficient to extinguish in them all pity for the criminal. A sudden reaction took place in them, and their rebel natures, momentarily subdued, rose again stronger, and more implacable than ever.

At a signal from the Canadian, the party recommenced their march, and soon disappeared among the sand-hills which cover the banks of the Rubio ford. The desert, for an instant troubled by the sound of the horses' feet on the pebbles, fell back into its calm and majestic silence.

CHAPTER XXI.

BRIGHTEYE.

Brighteye, as we mentioned, aided by the two servants, had succeeded in carrying off Don Mariano, who was still in a half fainting state, in order to spare him the affecting sight of his brother's execution.

The motion and the night air rapidly restored the old gentleman to life. On opening his eyes, his first word, after looking around him to see where he was, was to ask about his brother. No one answered; the people who led him along redoubled their speed.

"Stay!" Don Mariano then shouted, as he rose with an effort, and tore the bridle from the hands of his leader; "Stop—I insist!"

"Are you in a condition to manage your own horse?" Brighteye asked him.

"Yes," he replied.

"Then we will let loose; but on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you will promise to follow us."

"Am I you prisoner, then?"

"Oh, no! far from that!"

"Why, then, is this attempt to force my will?"

"We are merely acting on your behalf."

"How am I here?"

"Cannot you guess?"

"I am waiting for your explanation."

"We did not wish that, after accusing your brother, you should witness his execution."

Don Mariano, overpowered, let his head droop, sadly.

"Is he dead?" he asked, with a shudder.

"Not yet," Brighteye answered.

The hunter's accent was so gloomy, his face so mournful, that the Mexican gentleman was struck with terror.

"Oh, you have killed him!" he muttered.

"No," Brighteye answered, dryly; "he must die by his own hand. He will kill himself."

"Oh! that is horrible! In Heaven's name tell me all; I prefer the truth, however fearful it may be, to this frightful uncertainty."

"Why describe the same to you? You will know all the details only too well presently."

"Very good," Don Mariano answered, resolutely, as he stopped his horse; "I know what is left me to do."

Brighteye looked at him in a very peculiar manner, and laid his hand on his bridle.

"Take care," he said, dryly, "not to let yourself be carried away by the first impulse, which is always unreflecting, and regret presently what you have done to-night."

"Still, I cannot let my brother perish," he exclaimed; "I should be a fratricide."

"No! for he has been justly condemned. You were only the instrument Divine Justice employed to punish a criminal."

"Oh! your spurious arguments will not convince me. If, in a moment of passion and senseless hatred, I forgot the ties that attached me to that unhappy man, now that I see and understand all the horror of my action, I will repair the evil I have done."

Brighteye pressed his arm forcibly, leaned over to his ear, and said:—

"Silence! you will destroy him by trying to save him. It is not your place to try it; leave that to others."

Don Mariano tried to read in the hunter's eye the determination he seemed to have formed, and, letting go of the bridle, he went on with a thoughtful air. A quarter of an hour later, they reached the Rubio ford.

They stopped on the bank of the river, which, having fallen back into its narrow bed, flowed on calmly and gently at this moment.

"Go to the camp," Brighteye said; "it is useless for me to accompany you further. I am going," he added, with a significant glance at Don Mariano, "to join the Gambusinos. Continue your road gently, and you will arrive at the camp only a few minutes before us."

"Then you return?" Don Mariano asked.

"Yes!" Brighteye answered; "good-bye, for the present."

"For the present!" the old gentleman said, as he held out his hand.

The hunter took it, and pressed it, cordially.

Don Mariano urged his horse into the water, and his servants silently imitated him.

Brighteye remained motionless on the bank, and watched them cross. Don Mariano turned, waved his hand to him, and the three men disappeared in the tall grass. So soon as they were out of sight, Brighteye turned his horse round, and regained the covert of the virgin forest. The hunter seemed to be sadly troubled with thought. At length, on reaching a certain spot, he halted and looked around, inquiringly and suspiciously. The deepest silence and most complete tranquillity prevailed all round him.

"It must be!" the hunter muttered. "Not to do it would be worse than a crime, for it would be cowardice. Well, Heaven will judge between us."

After again carefully examining the neighborhood, probably reassured by the silence and solitude, he dismounted, took off his horse's bridle to let it graze at its ease, hobbled it lest it should stray too far, threw his rifle over his shoulder, and cautiously entered the forest.

The hunter was doubtlessly ruminating on one of those schemes whose execution demands the continual tension of a man's faculties, for his progress was slow and calculated, his eye constantly peered into the gloom. With head outstretched, he listened to the nameless sounds of the desert, stopping at times when an unusual rustling in the brambles struck his ear, and revealed to him the presence of some unknown being.

Suddenly he stopped, remained for a second motionless, and then disappeared in an inextricable medley of leaves, brambles, and creepers, in which his presence could not possibly be suspected. Scarcely was he hidden, ere the hoofs of several horses re-echoed in the distance, beneath the dense dome of forest verdure. Gradually the sound came nearer, the steps grew more distinct, and a band of horsemen at length appeared, marching in close column. They were the hunters and Gambusinos.

Marksman was conversing in a low voice with Don Miguel, carried on a litter on the shoulders of two Mexicans, for he was still too weak to sit a horse. The little party advanced gently, owing to the wounded man they had in their midst, and were proceeding toward the Rubio ford.

Brighteye watched his comrades pass, without making a movement to reveal his presence. It was evident that he wished them to remain ignorant of the fact that he had turned back, and that the motives which impelled him to act must remain a secret between him and Heaven.

It was in vain that he looked for Flying Eagle and Eglantine among the Gambusinos: the two Redskins had separated from the band. This absence appeared greatly to vex the hunter. Still, after a minute, his face resumed its serenity, and he shrugged his shoulders with that careless air which indicates that a man has put up with an annoyance against which he cannot contend.

When the Gambusinos had disappeared, the hunter emerged from his hiding-place: he listened for a moment to the sound of the horses' hoofs, which grew every moment weaker, and soon died out in the distance. Brighteye drew himself up.

"Good!" he muttered, with an air of satisfaction; "I can now act as I please, without fear of being disturbed, unless Flying Eagle and his squaw have remained prowling about the place. Bah! we shall soon see; besides, that is not probable, for the Chief is too anxious to rejoin his tribe, to amuse himself by losing his time here. I will go on, at any rate."

With this, he threw his rifle on his shoulder, and set out again with a light and deliberate step, though not neglecting the precautions usual in the desert on any march; for, by night, the woodrangers know that they are ever watched by invisible foes, be they men or beasts.

Brighteye thus reached the skirt of the clearing, in which the dramatic events we have described took place, and in which there only remained at this moment a man buried alive, face to face with his crimes, with no hope of possible help, and abandoned by all nature, if not by Heaven. The hunter stopped, lay down on the ground, and looked.

A funereal silence, the silence of the tomb, brooded over the clearing. Don Estevan, with eyes dilated by fear, his chest oppressed by the earth, which collected round his body, with a slow and continuous movement, felt the breath gradually departing from his lungs, his temples beat ready to burst, the blood boiled in his veins, drops of icy perspiration beaded at the roots of his hair, a blood-stained veil was stretched over his eyes, and he felt himself dying.

At this supreme moment, when all deserted him at once, the wretched man uttered a hoarse and piercing cry; tears burst from his proud eyes; his hand, as we have stated, nervously clutched the butt of the pistol left to abridge his punishment, and he raised the barrel to his temples, muttering, with an accent of indescribable despair,—

"Heaven! Heaven! pardon me!"

He pulled the trigger. Suddenly a hand was laid on his arm, the bullet whizzed into the air, and a severe yet gentle voice replied,—

"God has heard you. He pardons you!"

The wretch turned his head wildly, looked, with an air of terror, at the man who spoke thus, and too weak to resist the terrible emotion that agitated him, he uttered a cry resembling a sob, and fainted.

As the reader will doubtlessly have guessed, the man who arrived so opportunely for Don Estevan, was Brighteye.

"Hum!" he said, with a shake of his head, "it was time for me to interfere."

Then, without losing a moment, the worthy fellow busied himself with drawing from his tomb the man he wished to save. It was a rude task, especially as he lacked the necessary tools. The Gambusinos had labored conscientiously, and filled up the hole in such a way that the man they were burying was solidly blocked in.

Brighteye was compelled to dig with his knife, while using the utmost precautions not to wound Don Estevan. At times the hunter stopped, wiped his perspiring brow, and looked at the pale face of the Mexican, who was still in a faint; then, after a few moments of this silent contemplation, he shook his head two or three times, and set to work again with redoubled ardor.

These two men in the desert, surrounded by dense gloom, offered a strange spectacle. Certainly, had a wayfarer been able to see what was taking place in this unknown clearing, in the heart of the virgin forest, peopled by wild beasts, whose hoarse roars rose at intervals in the darkness, as if protesting against this invasion of their domain—he would have fancied himself witness of some diabolical incantation, and have fled at full speed, a prey to the wildest terror. Still Brighteye went on digging: his task progressed but slowly, because, in proportion as he went deeper his difficulties grew greater.

For a moment the hunter stopped, in despair of succeeding in saving the condemned man; but this moment of discouragement lasted a very short time. The Canadian ashamed of the thought, began digging again with that feverish energy, which the reaction of a powerful will upon a passing weakness imparts to a man of resolution.

At length, after extraordinary difficulties, the task, twenty times interrupted and twenty times recommenced, was completed. The hunter uttered a shout of triumph and pleasure; he then seized Don Estevan under the armpits, drew him vigorously towards him, and, with some trouble, succeeded in laying him on the ground.

His first task was to cut asunder the bonds that formed an inextricable network round the wretch's body; he opened his clothes, to give his lungs the necessary freedom to inhale the external air, then half filled a calabash of water from his gourd, and threw the contents over Don Estevan's face.

The fainting fit had been produced by the emotion he felt on seeing a saviour arrive at the moment when he believed that he had nought left but to die; the sudden shock of the cold water effected a favorable reaction, he gave out a sigh, and opened his eyes.

His first movement on regaining consciousness, was to look defiantly up to heaven; then he held out his hand to Brighteye.

"Thanks!" he said to him.

The hunter fell back, and declined to take the proffered hand.

"You must not thank me," he said.

"Who, then?"

"God!"

Don Estevan drew in his pale lips contemptuously; but soon understanding that he must deceive his saviour if he wished for a continuance of that protection, which he cared not yet to do without, he said, with feigned humility,—

"That is true. God first, and you next."

"I," Brighteye continued, "have only performed a duty—paid a debt; now, we are quits. Ten years ago you rendered me an important service; to-day, I have saved your life. I discharge you from all gratitude, and you must do the same with me. From this hour we no longer know each other—our ways are different."

"Will you abandon me thus?" he said, with a movement of terror, which he could not overcome.

"What more can I do?"

"All!"

"I do not understand you."

"It would have been better to leave me to die in the hole, into which you helped to place me, than save me to die of hunger in the desert, become the prey of wild beasts, or fall into the hands of the Indians. You know, Brighteye, that on the prairies, a disarmed man is a dead man; you do not save me at this moment, but render my agony longer and more painful, since the weapon which, in their cruel generosity, your friends left me to put an end to my misfortunes, when courage and hope failed me, can no longer serve me at present."

"That is true," Brighteye muttered.

The hunter let his head sink on his chest, and reflected deeply for several seconds. Don Estevan anxiously followed in the loyal and characteristic face of the hunter all the emotions by turns reflected there. The Canadian continued,—

"You are right in asking me for weapons. If you are deprived of them, you run the risk of being, in a few hours, in a similar position to that from which I took you."

"You allow it."

"There is no doubt about it."

"Then be generous to the end. Give me the means of defending myself."

The hunter shook his head.

"I did not think of that," he said.

"Which means that had you thought of it, you would have let me die."

"Perhaps so."

This word fell like the blow of a sledge hammer on Don Estevan's heart. He gave the hunter a suspicious glance.

"What you say, then, is not well," he remarked.

"What would you have me answer you?" the other retorted. "In my eyes you were justly condemned. I ought to have let justice follow its course. I did not do so. Perhaps I was wrong; now that I regard the matter in cool blood, while allowing that you are right in asking me for arms, and that it is indispensable for you to have them, in the first place for your personal safety, and next to provide for your wants, I am afraid to give them to you."

Don Estevan had sat down by the hunter's side; he was playing carelessly with the discharged pistol, and appearing to listen very attentively to what Brighteye was saying.

"Why so?" he answered.

"Well, for a very simple reason. I have known you for a long time, as you are well aware, Don Estevan. I know that you are not the man to forget an insult. I am convinced that, if I give you arms, you will only think of vengeance, and it is that I wish to avoid."

"And for that," the Mexican exclaimed, with a fiendish laugh, "you can only think of one method—leaving me to die of hunger. Oh, oh, yours is singular philanthropy, *compañro!* You have rather a brutal way of arranging matters for a man who piques himself on his honor and loyalty."

"You do not understand me. I will not give you arms—that is true; but, at the same time, I will not leave the service I have done you incomplete."

"Hum! and what will you do to effect that result? I am curious to know it," Don Estevan said, with a grin.

"I will escort you to the frontiers of the prairie, guarding you from all danger during the journey, defending you and hunting for you. That is simple enough, I believe."

"Very simple, indeed: and, on getting there, I will purchase arms, and return to seek my revenge."

"Not so."

"Why not?"

"Because you will swear to me on the spot, by your honor, to forget every feeling of hatred toward your enemy, and never return to the prairie."

"And if I will not swear?"

"Then it will be different. I shall leave you to your fate; and as that will have happened by your own fault, I shall consider myself entirely quits with you."

"Oh, oh! but assuming that I accept the harsh conditions you force on me, I must know how we are to travel. The road is long from here to the establishments, and I am not in a condition to go afoot."

"That is true, but need not trouble you.—I have left my horse in a thicket, a few paces from the Rubio. You will ride it till I can procure another."

"And you?"

"I will follow on foot. We hunters are as good walkers as riders. Come, make up your mind."

"Well, I must do what you desire."

"Yes; I believe that is the best for you.—Then you consent to take the oath I demand?"

"I see no way of getting out of the scrape otherwise. But," he suddenly said, "what is the matter behind that tree?"

"Where?" the hunter asked.

"Over there," Don Estevan continued, pointing in the direction of a dense clump of trees.

The hunter turned his head quickly towards the spot indicated by the Mexican.

The latter lost no time in seizing the pistol he had been playing with by the end. He raised it quickly, and dealt a blow with the butt on the hunter's head. The blow was given with such force and precision, that Brighteye stretched out his arms, closed his eyes, and rolled on the ground with a heavy sigh.

Don Estevan regarded him for a moment with an expression of contempt and satisfied hatred.

"Idiot!" he muttered, kicking him aside; "you ought to have made those absurd conditions before saving me; but for the present it is too late. I am free. *Cuerpo de Cristo!* I will avenge myself."

After uttering these words, and looking up to heaven defiantly, he bent over the hunter, stripped him of his weapons without the slightest shame, and left him, not even stopping to see were he dead or only wounded.

"It is you, accursed dog," he went on, "who will die of hunger, or be devoured by wild beasts. As for myself, I no longer fear anything, for I have in my hands the means to accomplish my vengeance."

And the wretch walked hurriedly from the clearing, to look for Brighteye's horse, which he intended to mount.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRINCE ALBERT.

The *New York Evening Post* is disposed to patronize the memory of the late Prince Albert. In a rather good-natured notice of his Royal Highness, the Post graciously says:—

"With an excellent memory, he was able to retain and retail vast stores of literary and artistic gossip—was interested in the reigning actors and singers of the day, and had a great fondness for portraits, biography, family history, engravings, memoirs, caricatures, ballads, and small scraps of literature. Under favorable circumstances, he might have made a clever newspaper editor, but as it was, he was obliged to remain only a Prince Consort."

The Bishop of Oxford recently preached a sermon on the death of Prince Albert, advancing the idea that the calamity was a chastisement of Providence, and the "Public Opinion," a London weekly, alludes to the prelate and sermon in these choice words:—"That grovelling sensualist, oily Tartuffe, and sanctified hypocrite, Epicurus's own hog in the sacred fold—the Bishop of Oxford, by way of blistering the Queen's grief, informs her and the nation that the death of the Prince Consort is provoked by the 'national sins.' Would the smooth prelate kindly explain why death is to be understood as a mark of divine displeasure? To our apprehension, his sleek and soapy life, his very existence among us, appears the most conspicuous scourge of our sins."

PUBLIC FUNERALS IN ENGLAND.—Prince Albert had a decided aversion to expensive or extensive obsequies, and it was in accordance with his known wishes that his funeral was conducted in such a quiet, unpretending manner, and in this connection it may be remarked that the aversion to public funerals is growing in England. The last Duke of Portland, one of the wealthiest noblemen in England, expressly directed in his will that the expense of his funeral should not exceed £100. The mortal remains of the late Lord Herbert were carried by his own servants from his mansion to the Byzantine church, which he had built, and were followed by his widow, his children, and his tenantry, all on foot. The body of Sir James Graham reposes in a country churchyard, under a plain stone bearing only his name, with the dates of his birth and death. The late Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, the uncle and aunts of the Queen, who were entitled to a royal funeral in the chapel at Windsor, chose to be interred in one of the public cemeteries in London.—The Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, desired to be buried in the Frogmore, and her funeral was quite private, with no official pomp. So it was with the Prince Consort.

COAST DEFENCES.—The thing needful for our coast defences is the 15-inch Columbiad. The great Rodman gun mounted on the beach at Fortress Monroe, originally called the Floyd Gun, and since Floyd has been branded as a traitor and thief, known as Big Thunder, is the only specimen we have. It has been severely tested, and its power is prodigious; and though fired in experiments as often as an ordinary gun will bear, there is no sign of deterioration discoverable in it. Such is the power of this enormous gun, that the sides of the British Warrior would, beyond doubt, be crushed by it. Armor sufficient to resist the flight of such a mass of metal as it throws, would weigh a vessel down so as to be unmanageable. Every fort on our coast should have at least one of these monsters, and the more of them in readiness the better.

SUPPORT OF THE HERALD.—During the Presidency of Pierce and of Buchanan, the *New York Herald* was the apologist and advocate of every act of their administration; it never deserted either for a day while they were in power, and now it says: "Through the feebleness of poor Pierce, and the cowardly imbecility of blundering Buchanan, the country has been brought to its present crisis. For either of them to attempt to prove himself a patriot now is to outrage all history and all reason. In not doing right, these men were guilty of doing wrong; for their criminal weakness was the strength of the rebellion." Well, if the Herald makes pretensions to patriotism, we do not see what should prevent poor Pierce and blundering Buchanan from doing so, too.—*N. Y. Saturday Evening Courier.*

WHAT "AILS" THEM.—We find the following in the *N. Y Tribune.* We know not how true the statements are:—

Col. Jennison, Kansas 1st Cavalry, is a small man—delicate constitution; a physician—originally from Livingston county, New York. When the Border Ruffian horde went into Kansas to elect the first Territorial Legislature, they passed Jennison's house. His wife and only child, attracted by the cavalcade, went to the door, and while standing there, were both shot dead by the ruffians. "That's what ails Jennison the Jayhawker."

Jack Montgomery of the Kansas Cavalry, is a Kentuckian—a mild, gentlemanly, highly educated man—a clergyman, and a graduate of Oberlin. When the Border Ruffians, in one of their raids, reached Montgomery's house, they took him prisoner, tied him to a tree, and brought out his wife—an educated, accomplished lady—and violated her person in the presence of her husband; "and that's what ails Montgomery."

☞ Among the universal lying of the rebel press, it is truly refreshing to find one truthful utterance like that of the New Orleans True Delta, which says that the so-called Confederate government is a vast machine for robbing the people.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

The following proposal is about to be presented to the Government:—

"OFFICE OF THE NOVELTY WORKS,
SPRINGFELD, VT., Jan. 21, 1862.

"SIR—Believing that it is very impolitic for the Government to continue burdening itself at this time with the support of several thousand contraband negroes, in comparative idleness, when they might be employed very profitably to themselves, as well as to the Government, in cultivating the abandoned cotton fields near Port Royal, we wish to call your attention to the following estimate of the profit that could be made by employing 5,000 of them in this manner. A promiscuous gang of 5,000 negroes, including the old, young, and infirm, would equal in effective labor about 3,000 able-bodied hands, and be capable of cultivating 20,000 acres of cotton: provided no attention was paid to the cultivation of other crops, except the vegetables required for their own use. This land, with an average crop, would produce 300 pounds per acre, or 6,000,000 of pounds in the aggregate, of ginned cotton, which would be worth, under the most unfavorable circumstances, in New York market, 33½ cents per pound, or $2,000,000 in the aggregate. To produce this crop the following outlay would be required, viz.:

For 400 Plough Horses, at $100 each,	$40 000
For 400 Plough Harnesses at $10 each,	4,000
For 150 Ploughs, at $7 each,	1,050
For 100 Seed Planters, at $7 each,	700
For 200 Horse Hoes or Cultivators, at $5 each,	1,000
For 50 Farm Wagons, at $70,	3,500
For 30 Cotton Gins, at $150,	7,500
For 8 Combined Lever-Presses, at $150 each,	1,200
For 6 Portable Mills for grinding corn, at $200 each,	1,200
For 1 60-Horse Steam Engine, for running the mills and gins,	5,000
For 4,000 Hand Hoes, at 50 cents each,	2,000
For Baskets and Sacks for picking,	3,000
For 500,000 feet of Lumber for Storehouses and Negro-quarters, at $12 per M,	6,000
For Provisions for 5,000 Negroes, 12 months, exclusive of vegetables raised on the plantations, at $1 per week each,	260,000
For Salaries of 75 Overseers and Assistants at $800 each,	60,000
For Salaries of 25 Mechanics, at $800 each,	20,000
For Wages of 5,000 Negroes, at $11 per month for able-bodied hands—equal to 3,000 such hands,	396,000
For 1,000 tons of Hay, at $18 per ton,	18,000
For 75,000 bus. of Oats, at 40 cents,	29,200
For Ropes and Sacking for 15,000 bales of Cotton,	15,000
For Freights and Transportation,	75,000
For Incidental Expenses,	15,000
Total expenses,	$963,350
Which, deducted from the total value of crop, viz.:	2,000,000
Leaves a surplus of	$1,036,650
To which should be added the value of the teams, tools, and machinery, on hand at the close of the year, worth at least	60,000
Leaving a net profit of	$1,096,650
Or, if the price of Cotton should remain as at present through the coming year, and the crop sell for 60 cents per pound, it would be worth	3,600,000
And pay a net profit of	2,696,650

"Of the above estimated amount required for expenses, only $500 000 would be needed before a portion of the crop could be got into market, thus furnishing the means for the balance of the expenses as early as it would be required. To carry on this enterprise successfully, no delay can be permitted, as it would be necessary to have the ploughs on the ground and running by the 1st of March, and unless the crop is planted in season, it will be impossible to employ the negroes to advantage at any time during the remainder of the season, or to make any use of the lands. We are willing to manage and carry on this enterprize for the Government—giving good and sufficient sureties for the honest and faithful discharge of our duties—and receive 10 per cent. of the net profits in full compensation for our services; or we will, with their consent, carry it on ourselves, on our own account, paying the negroes the above mentioned wages, and the Government $100,000 for the use of the land, and the protection afforded by the forces they have already stationed there.

"Very respectfully yours,
"ELLIS, BRITTON & EATON."

This looks business like; and we trust it will receive the consideration it merits.

WHAT A REBEL OFFICER SAYS.—Capt. Geo. J. Mabe, of the Third Louisiana Regiment rebel army, who was brought to Philadelphia on the Rhode Island, is a native of Louisiana, and a young gentleman of twenty four, whose mother possesses a plantation with 182 negroes, about 300 miles south of New Orleans, in St. Mary's Parish, on Bayou Teche.

The captain says he saw a splendid turnout of twenty-seven thousand Home Guards in New Orleans, of whom five thousand were free colored men, who find their own equipments. Many of these are wealthy planters and slave owners. He saw no colored regiments in Virginia, but heard it reported that the colored veteran drummer, Jordan, who was at the battle of New Orleans, is now colonel of a free colored regiment under Beauregard, on the Potomac, near Centreville. He had been told this by an officer, who stated having seen them.

The Quartermaster-General of the Confederate army is said to be a South Carolina Israelite, named A. C. Myers, who, he thinks, secured his position by loaning money to the Government. He throws all leading contracts into the hands of Hebrews, and this absorption of profitable business creates a strong feeling of dissatisfaction.

Among Louisiana and Mississippi subordinate officers of his acquaintance, the captain finds a growing disgust for the war, and a desire to have it closed. He and they, like many others, fight for the South simply because their state sides with it; were it to return to allegiance, they would quite readily fight against other Southern states, and particularly South Carolina, whose citizens the Southern people regard with feelings of hatred, as having caused the present troubles. This sentiment is very strong in the army towards South Carolina officers, who assume a conceited superiority on account of their nativity, and affect exclusiveness.

THE NATIONAL CONFESSIONS KNOWN TO THE REBELS.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Times says the rebels along the Potomac are frequently familiar with our countersigns, and he adds:—

"They not only frequently come down to the beach of a morning, and derisively cry out to our pickets our countersign of the night previous, but acquaint us with what is known by but one officer in the entire division, *what is to be the countersign of the ensuing night.* They also boast of having, by means of our countersign, travelled along our entire division lines, and ascertained our exact locality, numbers, and nature of armament in a single night, and, without hindrance or suspicion, returned successfully to their works across the river. If this be so, they must be familiar with our secret signals, which are now issued in connection with our countersign.

DISTURBANCE AMONG THE NEGROES IN KENTUCKY.

From the Frankfort, Ky., Yeoman of Jan. 11.

We have just learned from a reliable gentleman of New Castle the circumstances of a very unusual occurrence in that place just before Christmas, which we deem it proper should be placed before the people of Kentucky. Some forty or sixty negroes, all slaves, had been engaged in killing hogs for one of the citizens of New Castle at night.—About that time, and after the work was over, *they paraded the streets of the town in a body, between the hours of ten and twelve, uttering all sorts of disorderly sounds, singing political song and shouting for Lincoln.* They seemed to take special pains to make their unusual and disorderly demonstrations in front of the residence of one or two prominent Southern Rights citizens. They continued their tumultuous proceedings for an hour or so without interruption from either officers or citizens, and dispersed of their own accord.

We deem it due to the peace and security of the Commonwealth to give this information to the public in order that other communities may be put on their guard, and prepare to suppress in their incipiency, all such dangerous movements on the part of the slave population.

We also learn from the same gentleman, that about the same time or shortly after, a party of slaves in Henry County, belonging partly to Union, and partly to Southern Rights men made off from the county, taking with them a wagon and horses, with a full supply of provisions belonging to their owners, and made their escape into Indiana.—They were immediately pursued by their masters into Indiana and overtaken; but the owners were notified by the population that they should not arrest the slaves, and, in fact, were themselves notified to leave the state without delay. A second visit of the same and other parties, with proper certificates, as the gentleman who gives us the facts is informed, was made with the same result.

We are also informed that numerous houses and barns, belonging to residents of Henry County, *have recently been fired and burned to the ground by the negroes, and that in consequence a general feeling of insecurity prevails throughout the entire community.*

☞ Portage Lake, Aroostook, has but sixteen legal voters, yet sends out twenty-two good fellows to fight the battles of our country.

☞ The human soul, like the autumn leaves, should brighten at the approach of death.

☞ The Albany Journal thinks among the notices of the dead of '61, prominent place should be given to King Cotton.

☞ Lord Cockburne, the proprietor of Bonally, was sitting on a hillside with a shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had mair sense."

☞ A man named Jean Barrals, shot himself at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, last week, because he could not marry the wife of another man. The fool died in a few hours, and the woman and her husband attended his funeral.

☞ When a man advises another not to "make an ass of himself," he speaks, it is to be supposed, from a personal consciousness of how disagreeable it is to be an ass.

☞ The good man is *just in little things*, the wicked man is *little in great ones.*

☞ A century ago, the lady of one of the "City" knights of London, wrote a note to an old acquaintance, *verbatim*, as follows:—"Lady ——— presents compelments to Mrs. ———, and begs she'll abstane from calling on her, as she sees now nobody *but* folks of fashion since her Ladyship and Sir ——— has been nighted by his Majesty."

☞ The complete works of Theodore Parker are to be printed in England by subscription.

☞ The following epitaph was taken from a tombstone in Pittsfield, Mass.

"When you my friends are passing by,
And this informe you where I lie,
Remember you ere long must have,
Like me a mansion in the grave,
Also 3 infants, 2 sons and a daughter."

☞ The longer we live, the nearer New Year days appear together. When we were boys, the period between one New Year's Day and another appeared to be a century. At the present time they appear to be separated not by years, but months. The fewer years we have to live, the shorter those years appear to be. When we recollect the quantity of rheumatism and slight that old people have to put up with, the apparent shortness of the years to them seems like a special providence.

☞ The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Merryman, and Dr. Quiet.

☞ THE OFFICERS.—Thurlow Weed writes from London that he has "met no class of Englishmen with so little relish for war with us as the officers of their army."

☞ A foot of light dry snow is equal to an inch of rain.

☞ Col. Lawson was recently captured in Missouri, by a band of rebels. They concluded to let him go, and as they could not read or write, he wrote his own parole, in which he promised never to take up arms against the *United States.*

☞ A gentleman was asked if he relished *sage* in sausage. He replied it would not be sau-sage without it.

GEN. LANE'S EXPEDITION.—The New York Evening Post's Washington correspondent says that Gen. Lane has, in several interviews with the President, discussed his plans, and that, in a conversation with Gen. McClellan, the commander-in-chief thus addressed him:

"'Suppose you find no Union sentiment whatever where you go?' 'Then,' replied Lane, 'I will take good care to leave no rebel sentiment behind me. If Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian country will not come peaceably under the laws of the Government, my plan is to make them a wilderness. I would give the traitors twenty-four hours to choose between exile and death. Sir, if I can't do better, I will kill off the white traitors, and give their lands to the loyal black men!' The friends of Lane assert that, upon hearing this reply, McClellan laughed heartily, and said, 'You must work out your own plans. Go your way, and see to it that no rebel sets his foot in Kansas.'"

NEWS ITEMS.

HEREAFTER Bangor (Maine) will furnish aid only to the families of those soldiers who allot at least $10 per month of their pay towards the support of their families.

THE Hutchinson family recently received permission to cross the Potomac and sing to the soldiers. Having sung on one occasion, one of Whittier's anti-slavery poems, they were lectured by Generals Kearney and Franklin, and ordered to leave the camps.—Gen. Kearney is reported to have denounced them as incendiaries, and said an abolitionist was as bad as a secessionist. It is further stated that General McClellan at once issued an order forbidding them to sing any more within his jurisdiction.

RANKY, the celebrated horse-tamer, is in Madrid, performing in white kids, dress coat, and beautiful apparel, before Queen Isabella, and also challenging the bull-fighters to tame bulls with him, he using his strap, they their ring weapons.

A NASHVILLE paper says that "a few steel cannon are wanted at Bowling Green." Floyd, who is somewhere in that region, if a little inducement were offered him, would soon *steal* the iron ones.

THE election in the Bucktail Regiment for a Colonel, to take the place of Hon. Chas. J. Biddle, has resulted in the choice of Capt. McNeil, over Lieut. Col. Kane, by 223 majority.

AN interesting letter from a correspondent on the flag-ship Niagara, which forms part of the Gulf Squadron, states that the late bombardment of Pensacola resulted in rendering the navy yard useless to the rebels, in destroying Warrenton, and in dismantling Fort McRae.

AN Indian damsel and a Frenchman were lately married at Oldtown, Me. The wedding was attended by all the first families on the island, to whom birch bark wigwiggins were sent, and the nuptials were celebrated with an eclat worthy of the occasion, closing with a grand dance after the aboriginal fashion.

AT a late meeting in Memphis a great destitution of arms was confessed, and a desperate individual proposed that bands of men should organize without arms, and supply themselves during the battles that must ensue, with those used by the slain Federal soldiers!

CUNNING ENOUGH.—A stratagem of the rebels is reported in a letter from a soldier of the 38th New York regiment:—

"On New Year day, the 38th was on picket duty out near Fontonia. The outpost saw a man coming towards the line with a wagon, in which he had a barrel of whiskey. Driving up, he invited the men to drink; but they 'smelt a mice,' and arrested him, when it was found that the whiskey was drugged, and that the man had with him twelve pairs of handcuffs. He intended to get the men drunk, then slip the handcuffs upon them, throw them into his wagon, and take them off. Several men have disappeared from the post lately."

THE TWELVE MONTHS REBEL SOLDIERS.—All the intelligence which government receives is to the effect that the rebels will have great difficulty in inducing their twelve months soldiers to remain in the service after their periods of enlistment expire. On the 1st of February the march homeward is likely to begin, unless circumstances unforeseen at Manassas prevent.

PRUSSIA AND RUSSIA AND THE TRENT AFFAIR.—The State Department has received notes from the governments of Prussia and Russia, touching the Trent question, of a similar import to that from Austria, which has already been published. Chevalier Bernstorff and Baron Brunow both argue that it is greatly to the interest of the United States to avoid a foreign war at the present time, and that it would be in accordance with the American doctrines of international law to surrender Mason and Slidell.

NEGRO INSUBORDIATION AT THE SOUTH.—The exchanged Union prisoners lately returned from Richmond, report that there has been a fire almost every night in the towns of the South for some weeks past, and the people are very much terrified with the rumor that the South was full of Union incendiaries, who are bent upon destroying every city, town and village of the South. The slaves have been and are still most unruly, and large numbers have been shot, hung and burned at the stake for insubordination.

"A SIGN OF THE TIMES"—Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, has received a despatch from the Secretary of War asking how many men he could furnish at sixty days' notice, for thirty days, to be used to garrison the fortifications around Washington. The Governor replied two thousand men and a battery. He left on Friday night for Washington, and will return as soon as the troops are required.

WE find this paragraph in the Boston Journal:—"The state authorities have, within two or three days, received from the War Department at Washington, a communication inquiring the number of troops that could be sent into active service within the next seven days."

FEDERAL TROOPS IN KENTUCKY.—According to a New York paper, the following table exhibits the Union forces now in the southwestern part of Kentucky:—

Infantry,	120,000
Cavalry,	12,000
Artillery, 19 batteries,	3,000
Total,	135,000

Besides the above there are fifteen or twenty gunboats, carrying about one hundred pieces of ordnance of the largest calibre, and a number of mortar boats.

THE report of Aojutant General Harding to Governor Gamble, of Missouri, shows that 38,882 Missouri troops have entered the Federal service for three years or the war of which 25,000 are infantry, 3,000 artillery, and 6,000 cavalry. The number of militia organized under the Governor's call for six months' men is upwards of 8,000.

WASHINGTON PRICES.—It is a remarkable fact that while green Rio coffee sells in Philadelphia at 16a18 cents per pound, and rice at 7a7½ cents per pound, these articles can be bought much cheaper in Washington. Coffee is sold in parcels here at the stores at 10 cents per pound, and rice is sold in the same way at 4 cents per pound. This morning, 2 cents per pound could not be obtained for rice, though, as the market reports say, "it was freely offered." These articles, we understand, have been bought by several storekeepers at the figures named. Either the government or some northern merchants have been basely swindled; the government is probably the sufferer.

MR. BURLINGAME, after visiting the Governor of *Tse-wang, foot-ed* it for Shanghai.

THE War Department has issued a general order to the effect that measures are to be taken to secure the comfort of Union prisoners in the hands of the rebels. For this purpose two commissioners, appointed by the President, are to visit Richmond and other places, and do for the captives as much as their jailors will allow.

A CORRESPONDENCE has lately taken place between Price, the rebel general, and Gen. Halleck. The former desired to know if the latter proposed to treat bridge-burners as prisoners of war, or as malefactors. Gen. Halleck replied that when they burned bridges, acting as a detachment of soldiers, they would be treated as prisoners of war; if they committed the act in the garb of private citizens they would be treated like malefactors.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NEWS OF THE RENDITION OF MASON AND SLIDELL RECEIVED IN ENGLAND.

The steamship City of Washington, from New York, arrived out on the 8th, and the steamer Jura, from Portland, arrived the same day, they took out the announcement of the adjustment of the Trent affair, which was received with the greatest satisfaction. Consols immediately advanced from 1a1¼ per cent.

The rendition of Mason and Slidell to the custody of Lord Lyons was received with the greatest satisfaction, but some journals complain of the ungracious manner in which the Washington Cabinet proceeded. Others accord due credit for the act, and the graceful manner in which the settlement was conducted. Consols immediately assumed a buoyant tone, and advanced over one per cent.

The United States gunboat Tuscarora had arrived at Southampton to watch the Nashville, which was there ready for sea.

The pirate Sumter has arrived at Cadiz, where she landed 42 prisoners, taken from three U. S. merchant vessels she had destroyed. The vessels destroyed were the ship Vigilant, bark Eben Dodge, and schooner Arcade.

The London Morning Herald says that if the Mason and Slidell affair is settled, England and France have an inducement, on commercial grounds, to recognize the well-earned independence of the Confederate states, and that, unless the step is manfully taken by the Ministers at once, it is certain to be taken by Parliament on its assembling.

The Daily News says that any recognition of the Confederate states is too abhorrent to English principle to be readily a subject of apprehension.

The London Times shows that, by the beginning of February, the squadron of Admiral Milne will number 7 line-of-battle ships, 33 frigates, 25 corvettes and sloops-of-war—65 vessels in all on the American coast.

The pirate Sumter, on arriving at Cadiz with the officers and crews of three American merchant vessels, solicited permission to enter the port. The American consul demanded that the request should be refused, but it was granted on condition that the prisoners should be placed under the protection of Spain, and the Sumter then entered the port without being saluted. It was rumored that the American consul would leave on account of the resolution of Spain.

The text of the Austrian despatch to the government at Washington on the Trent affair has been published. It fully justifies the action of England, and says that the Washington government can comply with the demands of England without the least sacrifice of dignity.

The Continental news is unimportant.

The sales of cotton on Wednesday, the 8th, were over 20,000 bales, at a considerable advance. The market closed excited and with an upward tendency. Breadstuffs quiet and steady. Provisions quiet.

CANTON, Nov. 20.—A coup d'etat had taken place at Pekin. The Cabinet had been imprisoned, and a new Ministry formed, under Prince Kung.

GEN. HALLECK ON THE NEGROES.

The following is Gen. Halleck's last interpretation of the famous order No. 3.

HEADQUARTERS DEPART. OF MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26, 1861.

GEN. ASBOTH, Rolla, Mo.

General—It would seem from the report of Major Waring to you (referred to these headquarters) that he had, in compliance with your instruction, delivered to Capt. Holland a fugitive in his camp, claimed by Capt. H. as the property of his father-in-law.

This is contrary to the intent of General Order No. 3. The object of those orders is to prevent any person in the army from acting in the capacity of negro-catcher or negro stealer. The relation between the slave and his master is not a matter to be determined by military officers, except in the single case provided for by Congress. This matter in all other cases must be decided by the civil authorities. One object in keeping fugitive slaves out of our camps is to keep clear of all such questions. Masters or pretended masters must establish the rights of property to the negroes as best they may, without our assistance of interference, except where the law authorizes such interference.

Order No. 3 does not apply to the authorized private servants of officers, nor to negroes employed by proper authority in camps; it applies only to "fugitive slaves." The prohibition to admit them within our lines does not prevent the exercise of all proper offices of humanity, in giving them food and clothing outside, where such offices are necessary to prevent suffering.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

IS IT IGNORANCE OR ABUSE?—The Memphis Avalanche has an article on the "mulatto" Vice President of the North. It remarks:—

"We have only been able to account for the remarkable lukewarmness of Hannibal Hamlin in regard to this abolition war by attributing it to the general distrust of Abolition sincerity entertained by his race. With a decided infusion of African blood in his veins, a fact never yet successfully controverted, we may suppose that he shares the sentiments and feelings of his African kin. Neither is it improbable that an instinctive sense of the incongruity and impropriety of an individual of negro extraction ruling over white people induces his reticence and modesty.—Every well-bred negro or mulatto would shrink from such an anomalous position as unbecoming; and Hannibal Hamlin may be supposed to be well bred, having received an education superior to that usually bestowed on free mulattoes."

Is it ignorance, or merely an unprincipled design to work upon the ignorance of its readers, that prompts the Memphis paper to utter such a falsehood relative to Mr. Hamlin?

DIED OF EARLY RISING!—The young King of Portugal, lately deceased, was a martyr to good habits. A letter from Lisbon to a French paper says:

"It seems the terrible malady to which the unfortunate monarch, and two of his brothers, fell a victim, was caught during a visit to Alemtojo, where the air is impregnated with some miasma exceedingly dangerous to strangers. The story is, that, on the evening of his arrival there, the landlord of the house where the royal party had put up came in to inquire at what hour his majesty wanted breakfast next morning, adding that it could not well be before eight, as it was very unsafe for persons not used to the air of that country to go out early, at least before sunrise, even the inhabitants never venturing abroad until the sun had dispelled the putrid vapors that arise during the night from the soil. Unmindful of this warning, the King was at his window at six next morning, asking for breakfast."

☞ Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

WATCHING THE LION WHILE THE FOX STEALS THE CHICKENS.

From the Memphis Argus, Jan. 2nd.

Price is in full retreat southward. Price will probably continue in full retreat, for, there are several—indeed no less than three—Federal armies, each as large, better armed, and better equipped, converging upon him. His past victories have been rendered valueless. Federal forces have been massed in Kentucky too great for a man of Sidney Johnson's calibre to venture to attack, and the paralyzing of Price through the withdrawal of McCulloch has rendered the overrunning of Missouri to the Arkansas frontier an easy task to the Federals. We are forced back out of Missouri—check-mated in Kentucky. Chase has obtained his money in Wall street.

The blockade is unbreakable by us as yet. In one word, we're hemmed in. We've allowed the moment of victory to pass. We were so anxious watching the operations of England, that we stand aghast on turning our eyes homeward again to find ourselves tenfold worse off than we were ere the commencement of Price's last forward march, and that accursedly used sensationlism, the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Day follows day, and in lieu of being weakened we find the Federal armies, at all points, being strengthened, almost every article of manufacturing and domestic necessity quadrupled in price and our money will soon be exceeding scarce for lack of paper and pasteboard wherewith to make it.

We pay fifteen cents a piece for sperm candles, and are told we ought to be glad to get them at that. Our twelve months' soldiers time will soon be up; and we cannot help asking, as they do themselves, what have they been permitted or led to do? It is an old and ever proven truelsm, that where two nations are at war, that which has the least means must find success in early and rapid action, for it can gain little by time, while the other finds in time the power to bring into efficient use its more varied means.

Cabined, cribbed, confined as we were, and evidently would be, our shortest, clearest and most noble policy was to find in the rapid use of our early revolutionary enthusiasm an overmatch for the slower and less spirited, but more enduring North. Where shall we ask relief? Where should we ask it, save in the camps on whom have been lavished our heart's blood, our hopes, our wealth, our whole—where but upon the banks of the Potomac? When will we see an end of the farce there being enacted, at our expense?

Indirectly every mouthful we eat is taxed. Our babies wear taxed caps and shoes, our boys write on taked paper, our girls wear taxed calicoes, our men do a taxed business, and hopelessly ride in a taxed hearse to a taxed grave; and we, forsooth, are hurting "the cause" if we dare to turn from Messrs. Mason and Slidell to look at the country we were born and bred in, and, having looked, we are hurting the cause if we dare tell what we see.

Our cause is right, it his holy. Our suffering may be God's price of success, but who, seeing what might have been, and knows what is being suffered through its being undone, can refrain from cursing the selfishness or idiocy that stopped the conquering Beauregard, that arrested the march of Price, that checked the gallant Jackson.

We have gazed imploringly on the lion, while the fox has been weaving his toils. Our press and our people have trusted far enough. We now ask, are we to continue hemmed in for another six months and lack all things, or shall our armies on to Washington, and lack nothing?

WHO GENERAL SCHOEPFF IS.—The telegraphic epitome, in the Herald of the 21st, of General Schoepff's life, is so evidently the work of ignorance or malice, and the mental offices said to have been performed by him are so far from truth as to demand correction, and it is due to General Schoepff that the correction should be made. General Schoepff was born in Hungary—was a distinguished officer of the Hungarian army, and shared with Kossuth his imprisonment in Turkey. After he came to this country, he served for many years under Prof. Bates in the computing office of the Coast Survey Department, where he remained till nearly three years ago, when he was transferred to the Patent Office as an assistant Examiner, receiving his appointment from Commissioner Holt. During last summer, Mr. Holt urged the Government to appoint Mr. Schoepff a Brigadier General, and saying so much in his favor as to induce Gen. Scott to request an interview with Mr. Schoepff, the result of which interview so well satisfied Gen. Scott, that he immediately added the weight of his recommendation in Mr. Schoepff's favor. He was made a Brigadier General of volunteers. His subsequent history is known to the country.

A PROLIFIC MOTHER.—A Mrs. Timothy Bradlee, of Trumbull County, Ohio, recently gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living, and are healthy, but quite small. Mr. Bradlee's family is increasing fast. He was married six years ago to Eunice Mowery, who weighed two hundred and seventy-three pounds on the day of her marriage. She has given birth to two pairs of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. It seems strange, but nevertheless is true, Mrs. Bradlee was a twin of three, her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pairs of twins. Mrs. Bradlee has named her boys after noted and distinguished men: one after the Hon. J. R. Giddings, who has given her a splendid gold medal, one after the Rev. Elijah Champlain, who gave her a deed of fifty acres of land; and the other after James Johnson, who gave her a cow."

ARMY GUNNERS.—Some of the newspapers advise our soldiers, especially artillerymen, to wear oiled wool in their ears to protect them from the concussion. A correspondent who professes to know, says:—"No man's ears will be hurt by the report of artillery, if he will *open his mouth*. Just as we throw up a sash to prevent our glass being shattered by the discharge of cannon, so we should open our mouths to save our ears. The concussion comes then on both sides of the drum of the ear, and has no ill effect." The recommendation can be easily tried without doing any harm, if it should not be effectual.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 99 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 25, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	25 to 50 dis.
Canada	½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	5 to 7 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	1 to 2½ dis.	Nova Scotia	16 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	5 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Flour, both for export and home use, has been less active. The sales comprise about 11,000 bbls, in lots, mostly high grades, taken for shipment, at $5,50@5,62½ for extras, and from $5,68¾ to $6 for common to good extra family, as in quality, including a few fancy lots at $6,25; 1000 bbls northwestern extra on private terms, some superfine at $5,25, and scraped at $5 ₰ bbl. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $5,50 to $5,75 for fancy bands, as in quality. Rye Flour continues in limited request at $3,75 ₰ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and scarce. A sale of 200 bbls Pennsylvania was made at $3, and 200 bbls Brandywine at $3,18½ ₰ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been only a moderate demand for Wheat, and prices are rather lower; sales comprise about 40,000 bus in lots, mostly for shipment, at $1,30 to $1,70 for common to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store, chiefly the latter description, closing at $1,22@$1,35, as in quality; white ranges at from $1,38 to $1,50, as in quality. Rye has been in fair request, with sales of 8000 bus Pennsylvania at 72@73c, and some small lots Delaware at 68c; Corn comes in slowly, but the demand for it continues limited and the market dull, with sales of only about 25,000 bus to note at 57@58c for new Southern yellow, in the cars and afloat; 56@57c for white, and 60c for old yellow, in store. Oats have been more active, and about 50,000 bus Pennsylvania disposed of at equal to 38½c measure in store. Barley is unchanged and quiet, with moderate receipts, and sales of 70@75c, the latter for prime New York.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally continues inactive and prices about the same. Mess Pork moves off as wanted at $12@12,50, and Mess Beef at $13@14,50 ₰ bbl, the latter for city packed. 1000 dressed Hogs sold at $4 the 100 lbs. Of Bacon and green Meats the sales continue limited, smoked Hams selling at 6@8c; pickled do 5½@6c; Sides 5@6c, and Shoulders 3½@4½c. Of Lard further sales are reported at 7½@8¼c, in bbls and tcs, and 8¼@8½c for kegs. Butter continues inactive and a moderate business only to note at 8@10c for packed, and 13@15c for Roll. Cheese is unchanged and selling slowly at 7@8c ₰ lb. Eggs are lower; worth 13@14c ₰ dozen.

COTTON—The stock is very much reduced, and a few small sales only to note within the range of 30@35c, cash, for ordinary to middling quality.

ASHES are firm, with a limited business doing in both kinds.

BARK—There is little or no Quercitron offering, and 1st No 1 is scarce and wanted at a further advance, small sales having been made at $32 ₰ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark, and prices are nominal.

BEESWAX is firm, and good Yellow scarce at 32@33c ₰ lb.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, and prices are unchanged. The home demand is moderate and prices the same.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks continue light and the market firm, with further sales of about 1600 bags, in lots, mostly Rio, at 18½@20½c, and Laguayra at 23½@23c, cash and time.

COPPER—The market for Sheathing and Yellow Metal is firm at the advance, but there is very little doing in the way of sales.

FEATHERS are dull, and a small business only to note at 36@38c ₰ lb, as to lots.

FRUIT is quiet. Cranberries sell as wanted at $5@10, and Green Apples at $3@4 ₰ bbl; of Dried Fruit prices range at 6@7c for Apples, and 7@10c ₰ lb for unpeeled Peaches, as in quality, and the demand moderate. Pared Peaches are scarce and high.

HAY is steady in price, with a fair business to note in Timothy at 65@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is a good demand for foreign, which is scarce and on the advance, with little or no stock, except in the hands of manufacturers. Of American the stock is also light, and holders firm.

HOPS are unchanged, with a moderate business to note at 20@22c for good Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple is firm and more active, and sales of 5000 tons are reported, mostly at $21½ for Anthracite No 1, on time; 1000 tons also sold on terms kept private. In Scotch Pig there is nothing doing, the stock being nearly all out of first hands. Of manufactured iron the sales are to a fair extent at fully former rates.

LEAD—Galena is held for higher prices, and very firm, but there is little or no stock here.

LUMBER—The market is inactive, with a small business doing in White and Yellow Pine Boards at quotations, including several lots of the latter at $13@14 for Sap Boards.

MOLASSES—The market is firm but inactive, with further sales of 200 bbls syrup at 32@35c, cash and time, and 187 hhds, tcs, and bbls Cuba Muscovado, the latter by auction, at 24½@27c, 4 mos.

PLASTER—There is none arriving, and in the absence of sales we quote Soft at $2,25 ₰ ton.

RICE is firm but inactive with a reduced stock on sale, and the only noticeable feature is the sale of a prize cargo by auction, consisting of 144 casks, 34 half do and 263 bags at 6¾@7c ₰ lb, cash. Some small sales are reported at 7@7¼c.

SEEDS—There has been an active demand for Cloverseed, and sales and resales of 4000 bus have been made at from $4,25 to 4,75 for common to good and prime lots, mostly at $4,62½ ₰ bus, including some in shipping order at 7½@7¾c ₰ lb. Timothy is quiet, and quoted at $1,62½@1,75 ₰ bus. Of Flaxseed, further sales are reported, mostly at $2,10 ₰ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, and a very firm market to notice for both. N E Rum is steady at 31@33c. Whiskey is firmer, and rather more active at the close, with sales of bbls to some extent at 25c, hhds at 24c, and Drudge at 23@23½c.

SUGARS—The market is firm but dull, and only a few small lots of Cuba and Porto Rico have been disposed of at full rates.

TALLOW—The market is steady, but less active, city selling in lots as wanted at 9¼@9½c, and country at 8½c ₰ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is firm but quiet, the want of stock limiting operations in Leaf and Manufactured, which both command full prices; 326 boxes of the latter sold by auction at 23@27½c ₰ lb, cash.

WOOL—There is very little movement in this staple, fine Fleece sells as wanted at 50@53c ₰ lb, net. A large sale is reported, including 300,000 lbs unwashed Cape Wool, on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1450 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8½c ₰ lb. 80 Cows were sold at from $30 to 40 ₰ head. 5500 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 4 to 5½ cts ₰ lb nett. 2540 Hogs brought from $4@4½ ₰ cwt, nett.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH Is a sure remedy for a BAD BREATH, SORE MOUTHS, CANKER, DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS, NURSING SORE MOUTH, &c. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing artificial teeth, completely destroying every taint of the mouth, absorbing and removing all impurities.

NO YOUNG LADY OR YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a *bad breath* should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st ultimo, at the residence of the bride's father, by Friends' ceremony, MILNOR GILLINGHAM, to SUSAN ELIZABETH COMFORT, daughter of Geo. Comfort, all of Falsington, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 30th of Jan. by the Rev. Chas. Wadsworth, Mr. ISAAC B. BRUNER, of Berks county, to Miss EMMA R. LEWIS, of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. B. T. Noakes, Lieut. HENRY A. HANCKEL, to Miss LIZZIE PRICE, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. G. Oram, Mr. FRANKLIN B. LUKENS, to Miss MARY BURNETT, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Robt. Gamble, Mr. WILLIAM R. WOODWARD, to Miss MARY J. STEWART, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 28th of Nov. 1861, by the Rev. J. W. Jackson, Mr. JAMES CAMERON, to Miss MARY J. RAPHUN, both of this city.

On Tuesday, the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. BARTHOLOMEW J. SULLIVAN, to Miss JOSEPHINE A. BRYAN, youngest daughter of the late John R. Bryan, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Hartford, Conn. on the 20th ultimo, ELIZABETH T. ALEXANDER, wife of Thos. A. Alexander, formerly of this city, in her 63d year.

On the 30th ultimo, JOHN POTTER, in his 44th year.

On the 18th ultimo, MARGARET KEEHMLE, relict of the late Leonard Keehmle, in her 95th year.

On Tuesday morning, Jan. 21st, JOSEPH M. SEARIGHT, late of Portadown, Ireland, aged 52.

On the 19th ultimo, ISAAC, son of Sarah and the late Isaac Taylor, in his 42d year.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZA ROBINSON, in her 38th year.

On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. DOROTHY SMITH, relict of the late Philip Smith, in her 80th year.

On the 19th ultimo, LIZZIE, wife of Silas Jones, in her 24th year.

On the 20th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM MERCER, in his 47th year.

On the morning of the 20th ultimo, JAS. FETTERS, in his 49th year.

On the 30th ultimo, MATHEW S. HENRY, in his 73d year.

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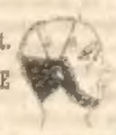

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No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, &c.

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A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

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Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

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For **Liver Complaint, Gout, Jaundice, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Female Diseases, and Bilious Affections,** these Pills have proved themselves eminently successful. All that is asked for them is a fair trial.

The SANATIVE PILLS and all of DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S *Family Medicines* are prepared only at 242 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7U

WANTED, 500 YOUNG MEN, to act as Local and Travelling Agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of $100 per month. A capital of $5 only required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who inclose a postage stamp or silver, and address DENNIS P. HOYT & CO., Kingston, N. H. Jan25-3t

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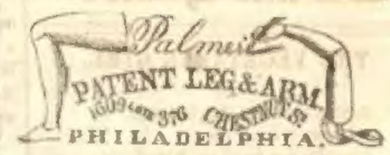

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IMPROVED DANDELION COFFEE.

Made from the best Java Coffee, is recommended by physicians as a superior, nutritious beverage for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all Bilious disorders.

Thousands who have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, will use this without injurious effects. One can contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee.

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HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two-thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7-tf

THE GREAT TEST

of all chemical preparations

IS ANALYSIS!

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CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

which imparts the most superb blacks and browns,

HAS PASSED THE ORDEAL!

See Dr. Chilton's Certificate, declaring it

Free from Deleterious Ingredients!

Bear in mind the fact that

NO

Wit and Humor.

THE VEGETABLE GIRL.

Behind a market stall installed,
I mark it every day,
Stands at her stand the fairest girl
I've met with at the bay;
Her two lips are of cherry red,
Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn up nose,
And lovely reddish hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night,
Her customers to please,
And to appease their appetite
She sells them beans and peas.
Attracted by the glances from
The apple of her eye,
And by her Jersey apples, too,
Each passer-by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
Throughout the livelong day,
And sells her celery and things—
A big feat by the way.
She changes off her stock for change,
Attending to each call,
And when she has but one beet left,
She says—"Now that beats all!"

BONED TURKEY.

George Coleman and myself were chums and, as a natural consequence, roomed together. George possessed a fine spirit for fun, and when an opportunity offered whereby he could outwit the faculty or the everwatchful tutors, he was sure to improve it.

One cold and rainy evening towards the latter part of December, George and myself were snugly ensconced in our little room on the third floor of the college building. Both of us had been for the last two hours deeply engaged in study. Now, our studies being fully learned, we threw aside our books and sat gazing vacantly at the fire. Presently, George arose, and after pacing up and down the room several times, exclaimed aloud—

"I have it! Now for some fun."

He thereupon seated himself in front of me, as though some matter of great importance was to be discussed.

"Lew," said he, "what do you say to having some roast turkey?"

I replied that it would be very acceptable, and wished to be informed how we were to procure the article in question.

"Why, easy enough," he replied. "All you have to do is to follow my directions and the turkey will be forthcoming."

He then bade me remain until he returned. Putting on his hat and coat he left the room. He soon returned, however, and from beneath his overcoat produced a fine, plump turkey, all dressed ready for cooking, procured by some mysterious means. He sat about the task of being chief cook, tying a thin wire to the neck of the fowl, and then suspending it, like Mohammed's coffin, between Heaven and earth, from the mantle shelf, thereby imitating the old custom of cooking.

All things had progressed very well, so far, and the savory smell arising from the now nearly cooked turkey, served to increase our appetite, and our mouths watered at the sight. It was now done and ready to be served, when we were startled by a loud knock at the door.

George hastily caught up our bird, and raising the window, let it down gently by the wire; then making the wire fast, he softly closed the window, and resumed his studies, while I waited on the door, which I opened, and there before me stood one of the tutors. He said he called to see if our room needed any repairing; and, of course we invited him to enter, which he did.

He said he always took a deep interest in the personal welfare of the students, and he thought perhaps our closet wanted repairing—thereupon looking in it. He next looked under the bed to see if we needed any carpet there; also in the bed, to see if more covering were essential to our comfort. But on finding all right he seated himself in a chair and wanted to know if the culinary department had been moved to the upper part of the building, as he smelt the fumes of cooking very plainly. We made what excuse we could, and after remaining, in all, about an hour and a half, he took his leave.

George immediately raised the window, and hauled up the wire on which our evening meal had been suspended. Judge of our chagrin and astonishment when we beheld, instead of the turkey, only the bones fastened to the wire, and a paper accompanying them, on which was written, "That was mighty good! send us another."

The joke of it was, we had hung it against the window of the room below ours, and the inmates seeing it dangling down, appropriated it to their own use. Long after that we were known as the cooks.

OBEYING ORDERS.—A certain German count with an unpronounceable name, had given strict injunctions to his servants and dependants never to appear before him—"their master by Divine appointment"—but in white gloves and white cravat. The other day, one of the household servants, who, it seems, had taken his master's orders too literally, presented himself before the countess, with due respect, but dressed in nothing but white gloves and white cravat. The noble lady was so shocked that she fainted, and remained insensible for several minutes. The order which led to this untoward mistake has since been modified, and a complete and becoming costume, *with* white gloves and white cravat, is expressly stipulated.

☞ An exchange in one of the leading western cities, announces that—"Full evening dress is a white cravat." This is still more airy than the Georgia summer costume, which is said to be a shirt collar and a pair of spurs.

BEWITCHING A GUN.

I was at a shooting-match, for a beef, down in Illinois, several years ago, and at it I met a knowing character, named Bill French. Bill used to fool the boys a good deal. After the shooting was over, Bill said to the chap who won the beef:

"Dave, do you know as how I'm a witch?"

"No," replied Dave; "and I reckon I never will know it."

"Now you might," continued Bill, "for I am a witch and no mistake, and if you don't believe it, I'll *make* ye believe it by bewitchin' yer gun."

"By bewitchin' fiddle-sticks!"

"Yes, sir, I can do it. Now you got the beef, and you think yer some punkins of a shooter, and you are purty sharp at it. But for all that, I'll tell you what I can do. If you'll let me rub my hands over the muzzle of yer gun after ye've raised it up to shoot, you may do your best then, and by blue, I'll bet you'll not be able to hit that big tree yonder."

"Bet you a quart on that," said Dave, which bet was cordially accepted.

Dave got ready to shoot, and his gifted or "possessed" friend Bill passed his hand over the muzzle of the gun. Dave took deliberate aim, Dave fired, and, sure enough, Dave missed the tree! And straightway the quart was forthcoming. Having taken a few hearty pulls at the whiskey, Bill, the witch, boasted loud and long of what he could do. He would bet any man a gallon that he could take his gun and shoot into the tree, and blood would run out at the bullet-hole. Or, if that would not do, he would bet any man a gallon that he could shoot a hole through his hat, even though it was placed on the side of the tree opposite to the one facing him. No one would bet, and so he simmered down. On meeting with him next day, he told me that he dropped a small shot into the muzzle of Dave's gun on passing his hand over it, and that said shot was the cause of his missing the tree.

THE Duke of Orsuna, being Viceroy of Naples, went on board a Spanish galley, on a festival, to exercise his right of delivering one of the wretches from punishment. On interrogating them why they were brought there, they all asserted their innocence but one, who confessed that his punishment was too small for his crimes. The duke said—

"Here, take away this rascal, lest he corrupt all these honest men!"

ARNOLD.

When Benedict Arnold became a traitor his property was at once seized, and his homestead at Norwich, and all its contents, were confiscated. The pecuniary value of this seizure was small, since Arnold's wasteful habits forbade any increase in wealth, but there was his dwelling, and the little store, with its uncouth sign, "B. Arnold," in which in his early day he had carried on a petty trade. In Arnold's house were found large quantities of papers, both of a private and public character. Among the former were certain letters to his first wife, which we have read, and from which we learned that her life was embittered by his habits of neglect and dissipation. In one of these he alludes to a winter trip to Canada, with a sleigh-load of whiskey, on speculation. It is possible that this journey prompted that grand expedition in which the whiskey merchant figured as a military leader. How strange the contrast between the lonely peddler, dealing out strong drink in the streets of Quebec, and the victorious chieftain who, in company with Montgomery, attacked its citadel! Some of these domestic letters contain confessions made to an outraged wife, of a character too disgusting for recital. They show a reach of depravity, which, considering those primitive times, in the land of steady habits, was indeed strange. They prove that for years Arnold had been rotten at heart, and that his treason, like that of Floyd, arose from no sudden temptation, but was the end toward which his whole life had been tending. It seemed impossible that such a man could die without achieving infamy in some new and wondrous way. After reading these revelations of domestic treachery, we need not be surprised at the cool perfidy exhibited at West Point. Who but a monster of treason could have penned the papers found in Andre's boot? Thus, "No. 3, a slight wood work—*very dry*—no bomb proof—a single abattis—no cannon—*the work easily set on fire.*" "Number 4, a wooden work about 10 feet high—no bomb proof—2 six-pounders—a slight abattis." "North redoubt—stone work 4 feet high—above the stone, wood filled in with earth—*very dry*—bomb proof—no ditch—3 batteries within the fort—a poor abattis—*the work easily fired with faggots dipped in pitch.*" We quote the above, from the Andre papers in the State Library, to show the culmination of a life morally base, and whose only redeeming feature, *courage*, was rather the nerve of a desperado.—*Continental Monthly.*

BODILY HEALTH.—Beauty has its foundation in physical well being. Health has its laws, which must be understood and obeyed; and these laws are clearly indicated in our physical and mental constitutions. They demand:

1.—Proper food and drink, in such quantities as the system is capable of readily assimilating.

2.—Air and sunlight in abundance.

3.—Sufficient exercise, rest and sleep.

4.—An agreeable temperature.

5.—Perfect cleanliness.

Do you envy the good look of your neighbor B——'s plump and rosy daughter? Do you think poor Molly possesses some cosmetic that is beyond your reach? By no means. The whole secret of a full form and rosy cheek lies in pure blood, manufactured from wholesome food, by healthy and active vital organs, oxygenated and vitalized in well expanded lungs, and kissed by the life-giving sunlight on the surface of the warm cheek.

RATHER PERSONAL.

FARMER SLIMBODY TO FARMER FULLBODY.—"Well, I'm dead agin' high feedin'.—What's the use of a great fat brute that's half tailor?"

QUIET CHANGES.

She kissed me and put a white flower in my hand,
And said it would last till the morrow;
But the love that had prompted the gift would live on
Forever—come joy or come sorrow.
The flower in my hand and the vow in my heart,
The words of our parting were spoken:—
Her love has been dead, oh, this many a year!
Still fragrant, though withered, the token.
The dream was as bright and as pure as a cloud,
Rose-tints from the morning-light taking;
Yet so quietly passed it away from our hearts
That we never once thought of their breaking.

SUGAR.

Sugar lies under a ban for injuring the teeth. What shall we say of this? The negroes employed on sugar plantations, who eat, perhaps, more sugar than any other class of people, have almost proverbially fine, white, sound teeth, which they retain in old age. But, on the other hand, in England, persons employed in the sugar refineries, who are from their occupation obliged constantly to be tasting sugar, lose their teeth from decay after a few years. A strong solution of pure sugar appears to have no action on teeth after extraction, even after many months, and even when already decayed, the action upon them is scarcely perceptible. But sugar, in combination with a small amount of lime, or alkali, has the property of dissolving phosphate of lime, which is contained in large quantities by the bones and teeth; a circumstance which may explain in some measure the contradictory nature of the facts. Thus the inferior varieties of sugar and treacle, which always contain lime derived from the process of manufacture, and many kinds of confectionery into which lime enters as an ingredient, would be expected to have an injurious action on the teeth, especially if there should be a break anywhere in the outer coating of enamel. On the other hand, *fresh* honey and fruits, which contain a large per centage of sugar, but in which it is not likely to occur with lime in combination, are so far above suspicion, that some fruits—as strawberries, plums, &c., which contain much sugar, have even been recommended as aids to the securing of good teeth.—*Field Notes.*

A LIFE THOUGHT.

I heard a man, who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chorded instrument. Oh! how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing at twenty-five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them, "Work!" and, working, makes them men!—*Beecher.*

☞ One Sabbath afternoon a worthy minister, observing, by the time he reached the third "head" of his discourse, the drowsy disposition of several of his hearers, quietly remarked, "In the third place, those of you who are awake, will notice," &c.

☞ You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be TRUTH.

WANT OF SOCIABILITY AMONG FARMERS.—We hear great complaints among the farmers in our rural districts of the secluded life in which they live for the want of that good neighborly sociability to which they had been accustomed in their "old homes." This is, of all others, the last kind of complaints that should arise; and all that is needed in every community to bring about the needed reform, is for the residents in each neighborhood to throw off that cold formality and reserve, and visit each other in the true spirit of kindness, and make known the value of social intercourse. The loss to every community where there are no neighborly visits made from house to house, cannot be computed in dollars and cents, for not only is there a pecuniary loss to a large amount, by reason of a non-interchange of the general information upon farming topics, but there is a loss of intellectual and moral wealth, and of the highest social amenities of life that can never be recovered. It is to be hoped that those who have felt the want of this higher life, will not permit the present winter to pass away without making an effort to establish each in his own circle a series of friendly family visitings.—*California Farmer.*

☞ Can a man be said to be in a stew when you make his blood boil?

Useful Receipts.

FROSTED FEET.—It is said that frosted feet can be speedily and certainly cured by being bathed with kerosene oil, well warmed in at the stove.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Take two quarts of sweet skim milk, one tablespoonful of saleratus, one of salt, half a cup of molasses; put in equal quantities of rye and Indian meal until the dough is as stiff as can be conveniently stirred with a spoon, then put it in two two-quart tins. Place sticks across the bottom of the kettle to keep the water from the bread; place one of the tins on these, and the other in a tin steamer, placed on the top of the same kettle, and let it steam three hours. Care should be taken to keep the water boiling while the bread is cooking.—When done, put it in a warm oven long enough to dry the top of it, not bake it.—Yeast can be used instead of saleratus, if any prefer it, but the bread must rise well before putting it in the kettle.

WAFFLES.—Take 2 teacups hot hominy; 1 tablespoonful butter; when cold add 1 teacup wheat flour, salt, as much milk as will make a stiff batter, and 3 eggs, beaten well. Mix, adding a mite of soda; do. cream of tartar. Bake in waffle irons.

QUICK WAFFLES.—1 pint milk; 3 eggs, beaten; enough wheat flour to make a thick batter; add a tablespoonful butter melted, and a little salt, soda and cream of tartar.

BEST WAFFLES.—1 quart milk; ½ lb. melted butter; 3 eggs; 2 large spoonsful yeast; let it rise 4 hours. Serve them, when baked, with sugar and cinnamon.

RICE WAFFLES.—Beat 3 eggs; stir them into 1½ pints flour, adding by degrees 2 pints milk; add 1 pint boiled rice with 1 large spoonful butter, put in while the rice is hot. Salt, and add 2 large spoonsful yeast.

RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—1½ oz. English gelatine, dissolved in 1 pint water; let it simmer to a pint; make custard of 4 eggs to 1 pint milk; cool it; boil 1 vanilla bean in the milk also. Whip 1 quart cream to a froth, lay it on a sieve after it is whipped; stir the custard into the gelatine, then add the whipped cream; beat all together, line a glass dish with lady-fingers, or sponge cake, and serve.

GERMAN PUFFS.—2 eggs beaten together; 1 pint milk. Make a batter of flour and half the milk; pour this over the beaten eggs gradually, a little salt; add now the other milk, and pour it into four buttered teacups. Bake half an hour.

Agricultural.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HARNESS.

More damage is done to harness during the rainy weather of early and late winter than during all the rest of the year. Saturated with water, covered, with mud, and often frozen stiff, so as to almost break when bent, in necessary handling unusual care should be taken to keep it well oiled and hung up in proper shape when not in use. Thus treated, it will not only last many times longer, but look infinitely better than when neglected in the usual manner.

As to the kind of oil, we know of nothing better than neat's-foot, or the daubing used by tanners. To give the black color characteristic of new leather, a little lampblack may be added, without detriment, though it is better not to use this until the second going over.

Before putting on the oil, however, there are two important conditions which must be observed—cleanliness and dampness. The necessity of the first is obvious, and the last is not less important, since the oil cannot penetrate the leather and make it soft and pliable if put on when it is dry and hard.

One of the best ways to give to the leather the requisite degree of moisture is to wrap up the several parts of the harness in wet cloths a few hours previous to oiling. But this trouble is unnecessary where washing has been resorted to for cleaning, as the oil may then be applied before the leather is entirely dry. The oil should be rubbed in briskly with a brush or cloth, so as to insure its absorption.

Varnish should never be used as it closes the pores and renders the penetration of oil more difficult. Vegetable oils are hardening in their effects and should never be used for that reason.

Finally, let the application of oil be as frequent as needed, not once a year, as is the rule with some, or almost never as is the practice of many.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

WINTERING SHEEP.

The three great requisites for successfully wintering sheep, are, 1, good and regular water and food; 2d, good, clean shelter; and 3d, keep them in small flocks. The following is the method adopted by Robt. J. Swan, of Geneva, N. Y., one of our best farmers:—

I consider, for my fattening sheep, the best mode is to have good, deep sheds, (34 feet), racks to receive the straw or hay, and troughs to feed their meal in, and keep the yards well littered with straw. We feed to fattening sheep two bushels of corn, or two bushels of oil-cake meal, to the hundred sheep, with plenty of good bright wheat straw, three times a day, till the 1st of March, at which time we give them hay, in their racks, three times a day, and one bushel of corn or oil-meal per day, per hundred. My store sheep, we give plenty of bright oat or wheat straw in racks, three times a day, and one bushel of corn or oil-cake meal per hundred, till the 1st of March, at which time I give them hay and no grain, but always take good care to see that all my stock yards are well littered with straw. My lambs I feed hay three times a day, and three pecks of oil-meal or corn meal to the hundred. All of the yards well supplied with water.

I never lose my sheep in winter, but more in summer, and those the fattest and the best—about two per cent. Judging from what I have noticed on Mr. Johnston's farm, I think the fine wooled sheep less subject to disease than the coarser breeds. Where small flocks of coarse wooled sheep are kept, I think them healthier than those kept in larger, or in moderate sized flocks. Having been a pupil of Mr. Johnston, I adopted his course of farming, both in cultivating my farm, and fattening my sheep.—*An. Reg. of Rural Affairs.*

FRESH MAPLE MOLASSES.—A correspondent of *Field Notes*, gives the following. Maple molasses well made and put up in cans right from the kettle, and hermetically sealed, as you would can and seal fruits, will keep as fresh as when first boiled from the sap, and this is decidedly the best plan for keeping, as when made in cakes, if exposed to the air, it will lose somewhat of the peculiarly delightful flavor for which it is so prized, and is often injured by insects. All this is obviated by canning while hot. To many families who do not make on a large scale, this need be but little expense, as the cans that have been emptied through the winter can be used until autumn fruits demand them again. Put up your best in this way. Where large quantities are made for market, the buyers must select and can for themselves.

GRAFTING THE TOMATO ON THE POTATO.—"Horticola," in the Horticulturist, states that he succeeded, perfectly, in grafting a scion of the tomato upon the potato vine. He cut about one-third of the potato shoot off, just above a leaf, taking care not to injure the bud at its base. The scion, being shielded from the sun, was every day sprinkled with a little water, and it took readily. In the fall the tomato was loaded with ripe and unripe fruit, and had grown to a large size.

HORSE CHESTNUTS.—Horse chestnuts are used in Switzerland to fatten sheep for mutton, the flavor of which is said to be highly improved by them. They are there crushed in mills similar to our cider mills, and fed in measured proportions; otherwise, sheep, in their greediness, will injure themselves. In this country, horse chestnuts are the only things that no use has been found for.

WEDGES REBOUNDING.—Take a piece of dry bark and set in the opening, then set in the wedge anew, so as to split this piece of bark, and it will prevent any further trouble. So says the Country Gentleman.

The Riddler.

NATURAL HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 1, 37, 4, is a river in Asia 500 leagues in length.
My 2, 8, 10, 12, 28, 44, 34, 45, is a remarkable variety of goats.
My 3, 8, 25, 34, is the camel of the new world.
My 5, 8, 30, 34, 9, 21, is an animal resembling the hog.
My 6, 8, 27, 9, 4, 12, 13, is a rapacious water-fowl.
My 7, 8, 24, 32, 44, 45, 49, 11, 32, 41, is a division of Asia.
My 12, 9, 19, 34, 35, occupies considerably more of the globe than the land.
My 13, 34, 50, 52, 11, 38, 21, 22, is a sea-snail, most frequently seen swimming.
My 15, 9, 35, 27, 39, 46, is one of the fiercest, and most destructive animals in the world.
My 16, 34, 9, 19, is the index of the mind.
My 17, 33, 35, 8, 11, 14, is a principal river of Europe.
My 18, 34, 8, 27, 31, 4, was a distinguished naturalist.
My 23, 34, 30, 33, 48, is one of the five senses.
My 29, 34, 37, 38, 48, is an animal valued for its fur.
My 30, 8, 38, 10, 11, 40, 47, 1, 34, 51, is a name given to insects floating on the surface of the sea.
My 36, 8, 43, is a name given to female animals.
My 42, 47, 11, 12, is a large river in the United States.
My 51, 8, 11, is a species of monkey called "the bewailer."
My whole is a beautiful extract. GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 8, 24, 18, 25, 14, 20, 19, is one of the United States.
My 2, 26, 8, 1, 13, 31, 12, 6, is a river in Europe.
My 11, 16, 17, 6, 24, is a lake in the United States.
My 14, 16, 27, 16, 30, 10, 19, is a town in Maine.
My 28, 29, is a river in Europe.
My 7, 23, 22, 31, 6, 26, is a river in England.
My 4, 17, 5, 30, is a town in New York.
My 9, 14, 30, 12, 10, 15, 23, is county in Ohio.
My whole deserve a great deal of praise.
Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, (so says the Book of Truth,)
Did save from harm Godly youth.

My next is often used in school,
To warm the back of the dunce or fool.

My whole is useful to a gun;
Without, you might as well have none.
GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

In a wood of five letters, by which we all live,
The second you place next the last of the five,
A thing will come forth with which, though it be scorned,
Every man you encounter must now be adorned.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A lake in Africa.
A town in Asia.
A division of Africa.
A lake in North America.
A State of South America.
A group of islands in the Mediterranean.
One of the great oceans.
A territory of the United States.

My initials form a river in the old world; my finals place of situation. SAMUEL LAIRD.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fox being at the centre of a circular garden whose diameter is 300 yards, and which is surrounded by a high wall, saw a hare at some point on the circumference of the garden, close beside the wall. There was also at the same time an eagle in the air, directly over the fox, and 100 yards above him. All started at the same instant; the hare ran around the garden at an uniform rate of speed, keeping close beside the wall all the time; the fox ran continually towards the hare, at the rate of 50 miles an hour; the eagle flew directly towards the *fox* continually, at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and the eagle caught the fox at the same instant that the fox caught the hare. Required—the nature of the curves described by the fox and eagle; the hourly speed of the hare, and the distance each had passed over when the fox and hare were caught?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If I own the five-twelfth's part of a vessel and I sell four-ninth's of my share therein, after which the remainder of my share that I own in said vessel is worth $795; what be the worth of the whole vessel? PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ In what part of *The Times* can we find broken English? Ans.—The bankrupt list.

☞ What part of a fish is like the end of a book? Ans.—The finis.

☞ Which of the English monarchs had most reason to complain of his laundress? Ans.—John, when his baggage was lost in the Wash.

☞ When was Napoleon most shabbily dressed? Ans.—When he was out at Elba (elbow).

☞ What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Ans.—Her-ring.

☞ What part of a fish weighs most? Ans.—The scales.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Editors and Subscribers of the Saturday Evening Post a happy New Year. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Report of the Secretary of War. RIDDLE.—Baker. (B (bee) A K E R.) GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Meinam, in Siam. (Marsvi, Eaton, Illinois, Nyassi, Appalachicola, Maranham.) RIDDLE.—S. LAIRD. ANAGRAMS.—Postponement, Phenomenon, Privateer, Material, Immediately, Profligate, Muscular, Notable.